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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 134.—Vol. X. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 27, 1906 [With Supp'ement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *J. Jensen*

THE KING AND QUEEN OF NORWAY

Whose Coronation took place at Trondhjem on Friday amid much enthusiasm. The King and Queen, held high in Norway's esteem, even by the party that voted for a Republic, are, perhaps, even more popular as the parents of the little Crown Prince Olaf

No. 134.—Vol. X.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Dramatic Works of William Shakespeare." New Century Library. (Nelson: 2*s.* net.)
"Polo." By T. B. Drybrough. (Longmans: 15*s.* net.)
"English Furniture and Furniture Makers." By R. S. Clouston. (Hurst and Blackett: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Motorists' Daily Record of Runs." By Charles Jarrott and W. M. Letts. (Dow and Lester: 2*s.* net.)
"Sixty Years of Journalism." By H. Findlater Bussey. (Arrowsmith: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Hungarian Literature." By Emil Reich. (Jarrold: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Animal Heroes." By E. Thompson Seton. (Constable: 6*s.* net.)
"The Birds of the British Islands." By Charles Stonham. (E. Grant-Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Scotish Terrier." By C. J. Davies. (Everett: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"Audrey." By Horace Wyndham. (Richards: 6*s.*)
"Mistress Eve." By Howard Pease. (Constable: 6*s.*)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 1*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded

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Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
June 27, 1906

Theatre-goers should not be misled by the title of the new Criterion play, *The Macleans of Bairness*. The Macleans in question are—for Scotsmen—quite adequately clad.

* * *

Le Petit Parisien brilliantly deduces from our manœuvres that the English Navy has been prepared for war all the time. A startling discovery, this, to make about a Navy.

* * *

FIFTY EDITORS POISONED was the sensational headline which greeted us on June 21. But it wasn't, after all, those German editors who have been visiting us. Their hosts, Messrs. Stead and Weinthal, love them too well to feed them on a Chicago tinned diet.

* * *

At the banquet to the said editors, quite a sensation was caused by the friendly allusions to England and the English, made by several of the Englishmen present.

* * *

Speculation is rife as to the name of the titled lady who is not an editor of the *Throne*.

* * *

The motorist has sunk several points in popular favour. Recently, in the Scottish Trials, village lassies threw posies at him. But, two days later, the *Daily Mail* has the sensational headline, "Tar for dust fiends."

* * *

On Gold Cup Day I passed a house outside of which was a parrot in a cage. It was a melancholy bird. Its feathers drooped; there was no lustre in its eyes It hung its head. "That poor bird must be ill," I thought, and watched it pityingly for a while. Presently it raised its head, and, in accents of the deepest dejection, said, "Pretty Polly." Then I understood.

* * *

A flavoursome note of cynicism is supplied in *The World*, which asks the question, "Are Hosts Necessary?" "It might answer social requirements very well" (writes "The Woman of the World") "if hosts would arrange little parties for week-ends, issue their invitations, plan certain entertainments, and then 'make tracks.'" The only danger of this practice would be lest the guests should omit to invite their host back to his own house.

* * *

In Mr. Churchill's review of "The Jungle" in *P.T.O.*, he thus chronicles the decline of the hero:—"He is a footpad. He commits highway robbery. He burgles. He garrottes. He falls still lower. He becomes a politician." This candid estimate of the status of the profession to which he belongs is quite one of the most interesting admissions even Mr. Churchill has made. If he continues this way he will be known as "Winston the Confessor."

* * *

Those who favour the abolition of the House of Lords are following with undisguised delight the dispute between the peers and the London County Councillors over the new power-house, which is having such a demoralising effect upon Greenwich time. "Should the alternative arise," said Lord Kelvin, "the power station, and not the Observatory, must go." These bold words may be likened to the first grip Samson took of the pillars of his enemy's house. Of course, if it came to a death struggle between the House of Lords and the London County Council, there can be but one outcome. The House of Lords would be demolished.

* * *

A Warning!
The present attitude of the Art Editor, awaiting the arrival of the thousandth "tinned-meat" joker

QUARTER DAY (JUNE 24)

I rise with symptoms of impending dread,
For once my breakfast goes untouched away,
One thought keeps drubbing at my aching head—
'Tis Quarter Day!

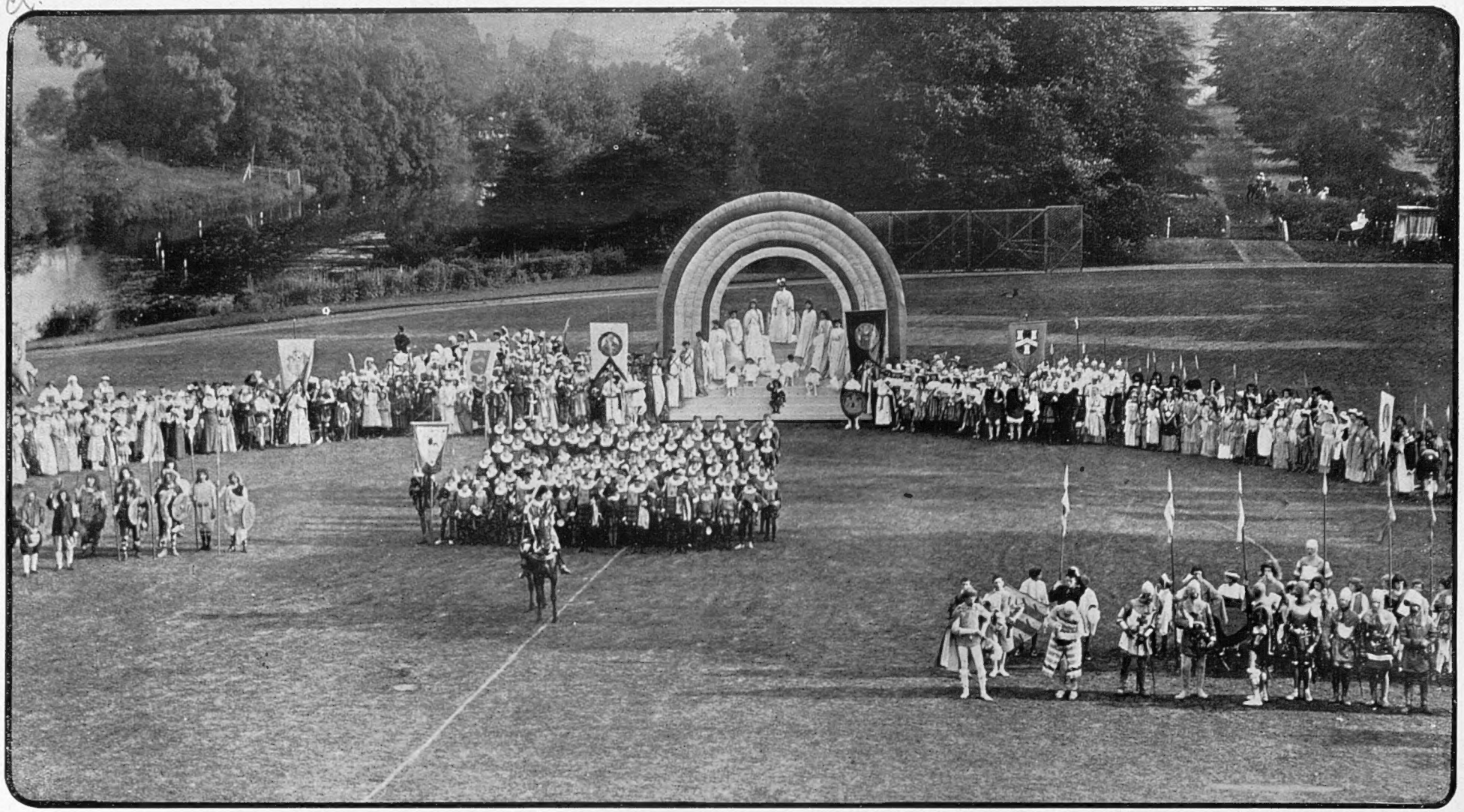
I watch the birds upon my window-sill,
Billing and cooing in their usual way,
Yet even they seem less to coo than "bill"
This Quarter Day!

I see the postman staggering to my door,
He stays awhile, then blithely wends his way,
His burden lighter far than 'twas before;
'Tis Quarter Day!

Now shall I open them, or shall I not?
'Tis certain there are *some* I cannot pay!
Would it not fairer be to burn the lot
This Quarter Day?

. . . . . .

What's in a name? 'Tis often hard to see,
For this, at least, I truthfully can say—
There's precious little quarter shown to me
On Quarter Day!



Warwick Pageant: A scene in the final tableau

The Pageant, in which some 2,000 players are taking part, deals with the history of Warwick and the Avon from the days of Caractacus to those of Miss Corelli. The Castle grounds are the *locale* of the affair, and the fact that well-known county people are taking part in it (especially Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke) is ensuring a large local support. Nearly 20,000 seats have already been booked for the Pageant, which is under the direction of Mr. Louis N. Parker, and begins on Monday next, July 2, lasting until the following Saturday

RACING NOTIONS: BY "CARBINE"

THE MANTON STABLES AND THEIR ASCOT WINNERS

"L'Affaire" Pradella

"I wish you would go for the Manton people over this Ascot Stakes business," said a friend after Pradella's success on Tuesday last. His indignation has been widely shared, and many of the papers, by their pointed allusions to the "silent victory," have shown their lack of appreciation of the Manton tactics. If there is one stable which for many years has not been liked by the public, it is Manton, and its unpopularity originated, of course, in old Alec Taylor, the father of the present trainer, who, if he had a good thing—and he had many in his time—would never allow a suspicion of it to get abroad if he could help it. To-day the Manton stable is backed up by some of the wealthiest sportsmen in the kingdom—Mr. "Billy" Bass, Mr. J. Reid Walker, Mr. Washington Singer, and Mr. "Fairie" Cox. With such patrons, all trying to win good races, it is strange that the public should continue to grudge the stable its successes. Yet it is so, and though everyone knows that Mr. Reid Walker is perfectly straightforward, and only too proud to win an event like the Royal Hunt Cup, his victory with the well-backed Dinneford on Wednesday was received without a cheer from the populace, a great many of whom must have been winners over the race. No doubt the success of the stable with the comparative outsider, Pradella, on the preceding day, still rankled.

Mr. Alec Taylor

The famous trainer of the Manton stables, who scored with Dinneford and Pradella at Ascot

Was it Unsporting?

My friend, whose remark I quoted at the beginning of these notes, characterises the eleventh-hour scratching of Torpoint as particularly unsporting. But was it? The inference is, of course, that the stable knew that Pradella was the better at the weights, yet kept Torpoint in until the last moment in order to deceive the public and get a better price themselves over Pradella. Personally, I think that the idea is purely imaginative. For one thing, the ante-post betting over the Ascot Stakes is comparatively insignificant; for another, Pradella was not backed for any appreciable amount prior to the scratching of Torpoint, or we should instantly have seen the movement reflected in the prices quoted in the papers. Another noteworthy fact is that the mare was quoted at "10 to 1" on Monday, yet her starting-price was "100 to 8."

The Straight Tip

If people thought Torpoint such a good thing, why did they not back Pradella when the "straight tip" was given them by the withdrawal of Torpoint? I suppose they thought they knew more about it than their owner and trainer. So, leaving Pradella alone, they dashed madly on Gourd. Result—keen disappointment, and all these charges of unsportsmanlike conduct against Mr. Singer and Taylor, who were simply influenced by the state of the ground as to whether they ran Torpoint or not. Someone says—but surely he must be a humorist—they might have known the ground would be hard, and scratched the horse days before. But who can tell what the ground is going to be like more than twenty-four hours ahead in this climate?

A Bad Ascot for Backers

Taking last week's racing all through, it was fully up to that standard of magnificence we have come to expect at Ascot. A good many favourites won during the four days, but altogether it was a very bad meeting for backers, and I know several heavy bettors who were hit very hard indeed. The defeat of Pretty Polly was a knock-down blow to many who, in laying the odds, had merely regarded it as a profitable investment for a few minutes. It was a tremendous upset when Gourd was beaten, while Auber, Ramrod, Æolus, Sagamore, Lally, His Eminence, Cynosure, Malua, and Kuroki were all exceedingly costly failures. Nor were such successful favourites as Traquair, Sancy, Shilfa, Keystone II., Duma, Slieve Gallion, Hammerkop, and Troutbeck of much use to backers, for they were all odds on. "Next year at Ascot," said one inveterate punter to me ruefully, "you will find me walking about looking at the horses, and not backing them."

Pretty Polly's Downfall

Pretty Polly's defeat stood out, of course, as the great historical event of the meeting. It was a tragedy pure and simple, and never have I seen a racing crowd so hopelessly downcast as after the Gold Cup. Pretty Polly, whom for three years we have made our racing idol, may not have been quite herself; but, as the race was run, Bachelor's Button beat her fairly and squarely. I am afraid we were all much too disappointed to give a cheer to the winner, and there was no sort of demonstration when Mr. S. B. Joel's horse won. His colours are not specially popular, but if ever a racehorse deserved applause, it was Bachelor's Button. It certainly was a great achievement to prove a better stayer over the searching Gold Cup course than the very best mare that has been seen on the Turf for many years.

Coming Events

For the Northumberland Plate on Wednesday my selection is **Outbreak**, with Rapt for a place, and for the Seaton Delaval Plate on the following day **Orwell**. At Sandown Park **Spearmint** should win the Sandringham Stakes, and **Bella Vista** the British Dominion Race.

High-Heels in Arcady

(*The Débutante spends a day in the country*)

As you happen to be looking nice and cheerful, Ian, and have, apparently, quite got over my thirteenth refusal, you may take me for a walk over the fields. I hope my new white handkerchief-lawn frock won't make you feel sentimental at the stiles. If you're only sufficiently austere I might make eyes at you in the shady parts.

This grass is quite a different colour to the race-course stuff. It shows up one's dear little feet better. It's funny how you never want to sit on it, except when its wet. Is it wet? Ah, don't be in a hurry, Ian. Perhaps I will sit down where nobody can see. You sprawl rather well, and it will be such fun to twirl the leaves off the buttercups, as we did at convent. If one flies off, you marry your lover. If two, you make an alliance with a nice widower. (Widowers always look at you as if they knew you.) If three fly off, you will have three husbands, one of whom, by the way, is sure to want you to look French. If four go, you will be lucky in love—devotion without detection. But if all five are scattered, you will be inevitably sinful. Shall we play the game, Ian? I always had to do it very gently to keep any of my leaves on.

Quick, quick, oh quick, boy! Look at the darlings—all under the mother's wing. It's a partridge. And she won't move! Quick, boy, grab her and wring her neck! Oh, the sweet little thing! What? Musn't frighten them? Spoil the shooting? But wouldn't it save the trouble of the shooting if you were to catch her? I see—at least, I suppose you're right. Can I shoot them this afternoon? Do let me? But if it *is* too early, Ian, one or two doesn't matter. I mightn't hit them. That's just like you men. You think everything alive is your special property, except cats. Why didn't Adam kill the serpent?

What an awkward stile! Will you get over first, please? No, wait a minute, look at this awful barbed wire. Do you think you could lift me over high enough to save my petticoats? It's better to be embraced than to lose six yards of Valenciennes. . . . Thank you. . . . I don't suppose it's your fault that you held me tight. My hat is more to blame. But if you pay five and a half guineas in order to look adorable, you must be prepared to put up with an occasional hug. Be quiet. You may hold my hand till we're past the cow. Shall I flap my petticoats at him—I mean her?

Yes, it is certainly very shady here, but I'm not quite tired enough yet to be made love to. Oh, very well then, but I shall be horrid, I expect. If you want to marry me, you should delude me—or try to delude me into the notion that I am sure always to have my own way. Turn your face up and give me your Panama. There, that's better. It should curl up from your forehead, because you've got one of those big faces. It's a nice face, though. Sheep-doggy eyes, and appropriate hair, but, oh, what a nose. It's really eerie, Ian; not ugly, you know, but so exceptionally pushful. Don't pretend to look at your feet, when you are looking at mine. Am I so lovely? Then how can I marry a plain man? But my feet are the only pretty things I have, except my mouth and hair, and shoulders. You discovered the last—don't come any closer!—at that ball at—Ooh! . . . Really this is insufferable. Only last night I refused you for the thirteenth time, and forbade you to darken my path again with a vulgar red tie. And now you lure me into the forest and squeeze me. Don't blink! It's abominable, and if—oh, bother the flies! . . . B. M. H.

"Simple Bible Teaching"

SCENE: *After hours at a "Birreligious" Board School; a lesson on the slaughter of the Philistines*

TEACHER: "And how many people did Samson kill with the jawbone of an ass?"

BOY: "A—— thousand, sir"

TEACHER: "Right. And what were the people called that he killed?"

BOY: "Oh ——!! Have I got to tell you all their names, sir?"

It is announced that the new volume from the pen of Mr. Maurice Hewlett is to be entitled, "The Stooping Lady." The rumour that a companion volume, "The Stooping Gentleman," is to be issued from the pen of Mr. G. L. Jessop is, however, denied.

* * *

Birthday Honours: A Supplementary List

To be a Pier:

The Chairman of the L.C.C. Steamboats Committee.

To be Vi-count:

Dr. Tibbles.

To be Bart.:

Mr. Kennedy.

To be a Knight:

The Captain of Leicester C.C.C.

To be Lords (degree not stated):

Mr. P. F. Warner, Mr. Gregor Macgregor, Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet.

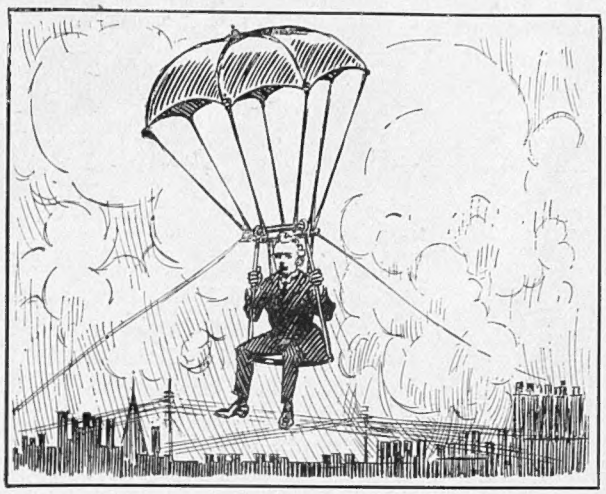
To be K.C.M.(U)G.:

Mr. A. Briefless.

To be C.B.:

Mr. Fry, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

The Topictator



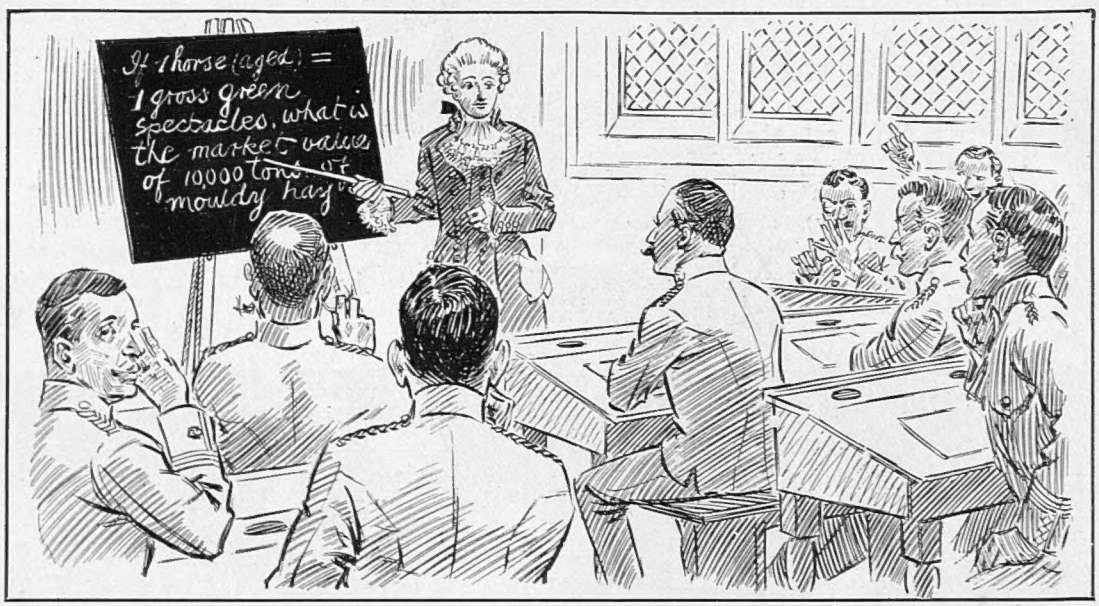
The Only Way

We understand that Mr. Asquith contemplates this method of travelling from Cavendish Square to the Treasury, in order to avoid the attentions of the suffragettes

How It Is Done

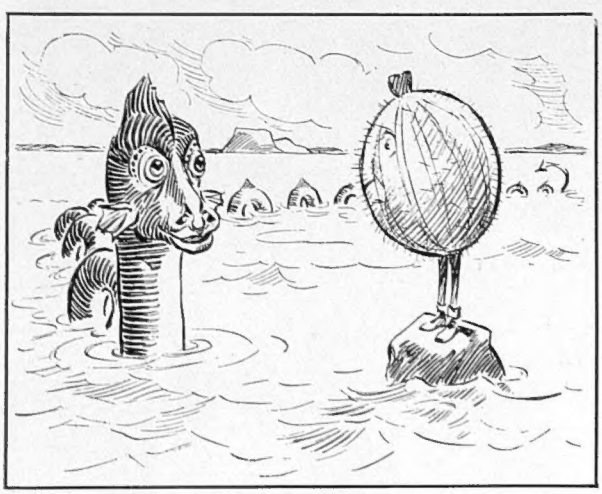
(For the second time this season an early finish to a Surrey match has enabled Lord Dalmeny to witness an important race)

THE CAPTAIN (*to his bowlers*): "Look here, you chaps, get this match over in time for me to get to Ascot to-night, and I'll give you a dead snip for the Royal Hunt Cup"



Military Marketing

It appears from the evidence in the War Stores' Enquiry that Master Moses Primrose—hitherto representing all that was most unbusinesslike—could teach the Army officer a good deal in bargain-making



The Silly Season

(The annual sea serpent has been discovered off the coast of Brazil)

THE GIGANTIC GOOSEBERRY: "Discovered, eh? All right, don't shout about it. They'll have forgotten all about you by the time I come on"

Ascot

In spite of Father Vaughan and other Society critics, there was something distinctly heroic in the way the male members of the upper ten thousand braved the scorching heat of Hunt Cup day in regulation black coats and silk hats

ROUND THE TOWN

A Perfect Ascot Week

It is not often in England that we are favoured with such a week of glorious weather as we were favoured with for Ascot, and the attendance and the frocks, therefore, at the famous meeting were, of course, even greater and more noticeable than usual. I must confess I enjoyed Ascot, or rather Ascot week, immensely. The garden-party meeting is such a splendid excuse for delightful house-parties, which necessitate a whole week's absence from London. There is so little strain on one to know which horse is going to win, for at Ascot, of course, everyone knows that the favourite is a certainty (except when there are Bachelor's Buttons and the like knocking out such national favourites as Pretty Polly), and, altogether, Ascot is such a thing of beauty that it seems just a little more of a joy each year.

Photo Illustrations Bureau

A martyr in her war paint

Miss Billington, who was sentenced to a fine of £10, or two months' imprisonment, for her too zealous efforts to convert Mr. Asquith to Women's Suffrage

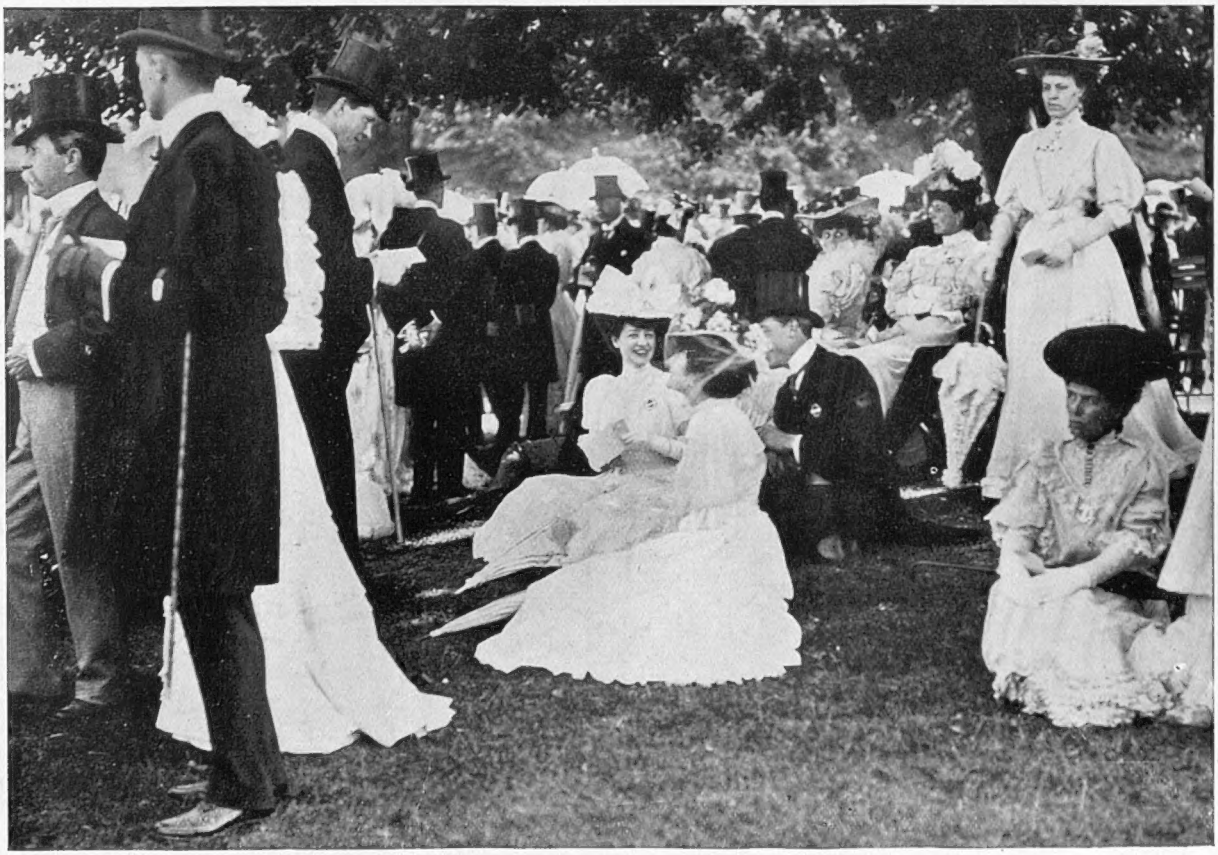
Noticeable Gowns

Most of the dresses, not embroidered with flowers which put Nature to shame, were inset, or incrusted, or whatever they call it, with lovely Irish lace, and judging by the quantity of this latter to be seen, I should think Ireland ought to be making a pretty penny by its manufacture. Gorgeous geranium pinks and emerald greens contrasted with the French gowns of black lace and smoke-grey worn by some of the most elegantly dressed women, while the white linens and muslins worn on the previous days were conspicuous by their absence. The King was looking simply full of health and spirits every day—and how lively and well he is looking.

* * *

The Blots on the Picture

The men, of course, as usual, had the distinction of throwing up, by their sombre attire, the fairy-like



Ascot Lawns: In the shade of the trees

It was one of the very hottest Ascots on record, and the shade of the trees was much sought after by visitors. The contrast between the cool lace gowns of the women and the sombre garb of the men was as glaring as the sun in the sky, and some of the latter had recourse to parasols

Scenes at a Very Sunny Ascot

garb of the women. Few followed the King's example by indulging in a white or grey high hat, and so they just suffered in dark frock coats and high hats, sustained only by the thought of their heroism, and borrowing sometimes the tiny fans which all the women carried. On Thursday, there was, to everyone's relief, very little sun, though this did not deter the feminine portion from proving to the world that they had with them the very latest cry in petal-like sunshades, or Lord Rosebery from clinging to his blue glasses. So far as I could make out, there were no girls present on Cup Day! At least, only a stray one here and there, and even these were so submerged, as it were, by the flaunting magnificence of their married sisters, that they were scarcely noticeable. Most of the women, beautiful and elegant and exquisitely turned out as they were, looked what one might call experienced, and certainly none of the shy *gaucherie* of youth was to the fore. All the clubs, of course, dispensed hospitality right and left, the Ladies' Army and Navy being not the least among them.

The King at Ascot

His Majesty (in the Royal enclosure) was looking very well and animated on Cup Day, and was one of the few present who wore a white hat

* * *

The Coronation in Norway

The almost absolute absence of unnecessary splendour in the Coronation of the King and Queen of Norway last Friday was, perhaps, its most noticeable feature. Her Majesty the Queen of Norway's State robe, certainly, could scarcely be termed simple, or even economical, but then it was not paid for out of the Civil List. It was of cloth of gold, so lightly and finely woven upon white satin that it reflected rainbow colours, and was embroidered with pearls, and diamonds, and silver thread. Made in the plain Princess fashion, which Queen Alexandra and her daughters invariably affect, it was, nevertheless, brought into fashion by sleeves of wonderful filmy lace, strewn with diamonds and seed pearls; all this worn under the inevitable Manteau de Cour of crimson velvet and ermine. But the almost primitive simplicity of everything else, the ceremony, the equipages, the people, everything, after the gorgeous Southern pageant down in Spain, strikes one as the very acme of contrast, a contrast not altogether to the advantage of the latter, for sweet simplicity has often been known to win where grandeur failed. The most interesting, and by far the most interested, person present seemed to be little Prince Olaf, who carried about with him not the slightest trace of shyness.

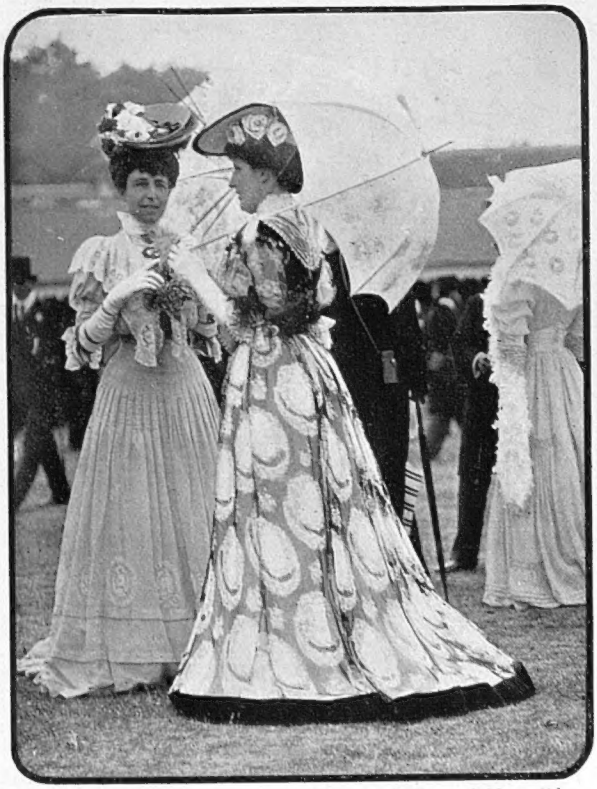


Photo *Baker and Muggeridge*

Smart dresses in the Paddock

Apart from the lace gowns which this year are so much in evidence, a delightful mode was that of the hand-painted frock, of which several were noticed. Parasols, too, were dreams

Gold Cup day at Ascot

The owner of the winner, Bachelor's Button, Mr. S. B. Joel (left), and Mrs. Joel (right), which won the sensational victory over Pretty Polly

Stagecraft and Some Amateurs

A Woman Playwright

The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, whose new play Mrs. Patrick Campbell produced at the Criterion last week, is one of the most interesting members of that select and highly artistic circle which, with Lord and Lady Lytton at its head, lives and moves and has its being under the shadow of the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. Mrs. Lyttelton, though not related to the Balfours of Whittinghame, was a Miss Balfour, and her marriage to the ex-Colonial Secretary, who has just been returned to the House as the Member for St. George's, Hanover Square, took place six years after the death of the first Mrs. Lyttelton, a daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant. Mrs. Lyttelton is very proud and fond of her quaint old house in Great College Street, and would hesitate to exchange it for any more modern mansion in the purlieus of Mayfair. It will be remembered that, at one bye-election, Mrs. Lyttelton not only canvassed for her husband during his illness, but also made a round of speeches for him, and very successfully too.

* * *

Photo *Helen McCaul*

The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton

The wife of the new M.P. for St. George's, is the author of "The Macleans of Bairness," which was produced last week at the Criterion, and also a clever platform speaker

"Brother Officers"

Miss Mary Montagu, who is taking a leading part in the play *Brother Officers*, which Mrs. Ailwyn Fellowes, wife of the late Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries (to whom the county of Huntingdonshire has just presented, by the hand of the noble Earl of Sandwich, a full-length portrait in oils), is organising in aid of the County Cricket Club at Norwich, is very keen indeed on amateur theatricals, and she is also very musical. She is the daughter of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu, who, about half a century since, formed one of that small band of Naval officers now living who served as boys during the Crimean War. Sixty-five years of age now, he was a lad of thirteen when the war with Russia broke out, and, after serving through it, he went to China and then to India for the Mutiny with the Rifle Brigade. On his return to England, he was publicly thanked by both Houses of Parliament on behalf of a grateful nation, and was afterwards in command on the coast of Spain during the Carlist riots He is a brother and heir-presumptive to the Earl of Sandwich, and his son, Mr. George Montagu (ex-M.P.), has just been receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, who is third heir-presumptive to the Earldom.

Photo *London Stereoscopic Co.*

Miss Mary Montagu

Daughter of the Hon. Victor Montagu, who is taking a leading part in the play, *Brother Officers*, to be produced in aid of the County Cricket Club at Norwich shortly

* * *

Virginia Water

I often wonder, when I hear people complaining that there is no really beautiful spot of country to which one can get easily from London, what it is that makes them forget Virginia Water. Probably their Majesties, who, when they are in residence at Windsor Castle during the summer months, seldom fail to drive over there, and whose little grandsons keep their model brig there, are rather glad that this is so; but to residents in the neighbourhood and those who know the place well, it is a constant wonder that the spot is not more visited than it is, set, as the lake is, in the midst of scenery and vegetation almost tropical in its magnificence and profusion.

* * *

The Tennant Will

It is rather a coincidence that a man like the late Sir Charles Tennant, one of whose reasons for retiring from active co-operation with the former Liberal Government was that he was not in sympathy with the Death Duties Act as introduced by Sir William Harcourt, should have to bequeath such an enormous sum as £250,000 to the Exchequer for this purpose, not to speak of the fact that the "extorter" of these duties—Mr. Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer—is his son-in-law. Sir Charles left the whole of his fortune to his numerous family—his heir, Sir Edward Tennant, inheriting the Glen in Peebles-shire and the house in Grosvenor Square, while Lady Tennant keeps the beautiful house at North Berwick and the place at Byfleet, where Sir Charles died.

The new baronet, although he is forty-seven years

The London Lake District

Photo *F. G. Callcott*

A VIEW ON VIRGINIA WATER

The beautiful lake between Windsor and Ascot is now to be seen at its very best, and the other day was visited by the King and the young Princes, who sailed on it their model boats

How to Shoot Without Shot

of age, is, like his sisters, Mrs. Asquith and Lady Ribblesdale, exceedingly young-looking. He has inherited something of his father's remarkable business capacity, along with his artistic tastes, is a "compleat angler," and is devoted to country life. He married, eleven years ago, one of the best-looking of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wyndham's trio of daughters—Miss Pamela Wyndham—whose portrait, painted by Sargent, with her sisters, Lady Elcho and Mrs. Adeane, was the chief success of its year at the Royal Academy. Lady Tennant, like her brother, Mr. George Wyndham, the late Chief Secretary for Ireland, has a taste for letters, and shares with her husband a dislike for London, and the rushing and scrambling which is a feature of its life. Their chief amusements are gardening, fishing, and riding, and they have mastered more thoroughly than any two people I could name the ethics of the simple life.

* * *

Photo H. W. Barnett

Sir Edward Tennant

The heir to the baronetcy of the late Sir Charles Tennant, who died worth over two and a half millions. Sir Edward Tennant is devoted to country life, inherits "The Glen," Peebles-shire, and a house in Grosvenor Square

Shooting Without Shot

Whatever Dr. Potter may say, I really don't believe that the Americans and English are such mortal enemies as he makes out. Only the other day I heard that a West-End tailor is going out to Washington to remodel their Active Service uniform, and now the British Army is adopting an American invention, which is known as "an electric sub-target rifle." It claims to make a man an expert "shot," if the term may be used, without using a single cartridge. The slightest movement made in aiming the rifle is indicated on a tiny card sub-target, to which is affixed a needle, and when the trigger is pulled, the card darts forward and receives an impression from the needle, which corresponds exactly to the aim on the real target. This is all very instructive and interesting, no doubt, and I must congratulate the American inventor, but, at the same time, I seem to remember having seen an invention on exactly the same lines some year or two ago, with exactly the same principle, which was being well patronised by an army of Bank Holiday sportsmen at the Crystal Palace.

* * *

School Rifle Ranges

Apropos of that horrible accident the other day, I think it is rather a risky thing for boys at a preparatory school to have a rifle range. However

The new Sub-Target Rifle in use

By means of this invention, it is claimed that anyone can learn to become a marksman without the use of a single cartridge. The slightest movement of the rifle is indicated by a needle, which pierces a small facsimile target on the trigger being pulled. This invention might surely be used for teaching the young idea to shoot, as there is no danger attached

The Services and Matrimony

Photo *J. R. Browning*

Captain E. H. Sweet

(2nd King Edward's Goorkhas)

Photo *R. B. Cosway*

Miss Hilda Boyall

WHO WERE MARRIED AT EALING ON THE 14th INST.

qualified the instructor may be—in the case in question the master had shot for the Ashburton Shield for his old school—boys of twelve or thirteen are inclined to be lacking in that steadiness which it is necessary to have where firearms are concerned. If, however, to be abreast of the times, a rifle range is necessary, schoolmasters might certainly consider the adoption of this new sub-target invention.

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Miss Skipworth

Photo *Lanafiér, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Lieut. Lord George Seymour, R.N.

(Son of the Marquis of Hertford)

WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Randladies and Their Little Parties

South Africa in Park Lane

As I said a little while ago, without our millionaire South African hosts and hostesses, the London season would be shorn of much of its magnificence, and "tiara" nights at the Opera would not be half so brilliant, for the newly rich of South Africa, in hospitality and in the art of entertaining, can be compared only with the same *genre* of America. In writing of this deservedly popular section of Society, a few names of some of the best known occur to one inevitably, and they include Mrs. Bischoffsheim, Lady Wernher, whose beautiful house in Piccadilly is now and again the scene of such splendid entertaining, Mrs. Henry King, Mr. Alfred Beit, Mrs. Rube, and Mrs. Friedrich Eckstein, whose house in Park Lane, next door to Lord Londonderry's, is a centre not only of entertaining, but of some of the best musical talent in London. Mrs. Eckstein, who is small and elegant, and who possesses that great gift of the social gods, the art of saying just the right thing at the right moment to the right people, was born in South Africa, though, judging from the exquisite taste with which her town house is arranged, its *châtelaine* might have first seen life in the very centres of culture and civilisation. The value of the Eckstein pictures and china is, of course, too well known to need repetition.

Mrs. Eckstein

The wife of the wealthy Mr. Friedrich Eckstein, who entertains largely during the season in Park Lane

* * *

The New Dean of Manchester

At Eton, a man who made many friends was the new Dean of Manchester, Dr. Welldon. In those days, the eloquence of "Welldon" was the wonder and (sometimes) the terror of the School. It was said that once he was started on a subject he never knew when to stop, and it is on record that he once spoke in "Pop" on the subject of Warren Hastings for over an hour straight off. So long-winded, too was his farewell speech to the same assembly, that one of his hearers, driven to desperation, turned out the gas. Friends of Dr. Welldon's were Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Gerald Balfour, while, with Lord Curzon, he spent some months in Marseilles learning French. At Eton, Dr. Welldon was Captain of the School, of the Field, and of the Wall, and a wonderful fives player. Since he relinquished the Headmastership of Harrow, eight years ago, he has been, respectively, Bishop of Calcutta and a Canon of Westminster, and there is no doubt that his scholastic, as well as ecclesiastical, career has made of him a man eminently fitted to deal with the North Country souls now entrusted to his care. He is succeeded at Westminster by the Rev. S. A. Barnett, who I do not doubt will prefer Westminster to Bristol, not only because of its proximity to Toynbee Hall, but also because his whole interests are centred in London town.

Photo Russell and Sons

The new Dean of Manchester

Dr. Welldon, late Bishop of Calcutta and once Head Master of Harrow

* * *

The Language of Lace

Almost one is disposed to ask if lace has reached the zenith of its popularity? Each year, for the past five or six, its triumphs have intensified, and this one of grace 1906 has certainly never been surpassed for subtlety of intention and richness of effect. At all the recent French races, lace toilettes have been extravagantly in evidence, together with dresses wherein lace played the leading decorative *motif*.

Valenciennes continues to hold a place of importance, and the fresh varieties of this species would take a tome to tell. A curious variety — woven piecewise — fashions delicious dresses, ornamented with *roulcaux* and pipings of taffetas. Frequently a lace shirt will be worn

Photo Thomson

Lady Wernher

One of the leading South African hostesses in London

A Revival of Lace Costumes

FASHION'S LATEST IMPORTATION FROM PARIS

A fashion from Auteuil, which is in great evidence this year in enclosures at our own race-meetings and in the Park

Handel Week at the Crystal Palace

with a short-waist Directoire coat of Pompadour brocade. As our illustration shows, the innovation is quite ravishing to the eye, and I, for one, shall be glad to see a general revival of lace in costumes, especially if the fabric should be, as it was of yore, of honest British product, and I daresay Honiton would not weep at the prospect.

* * *

Chicago and Our Hostesses

The difficulties of entertaining, a hostess grumbled to me the other day, have been increased tenfold by the Chicago food scandals. The way people pick over their food, and talk to it, and listen to hear whether it is purring or not, is too horrid.

I myself am deprived of my favourite tea-sandwich by the ghastly fear which fills me at the very suggestion of anything "potted," and the waiters at even the most careful of restaurants are getting quite accustomed to queries as to whether a dish is "fresh" or canned. Lots of people, too, have confessed to me that they greatly miss the tinned delicacies which—before the days of Mr. Upton Sinclair—used sometimes to enliven (I mean in the sense of change) their breakfast-tables and provide impromptu theatre-suppers.

* * *

The New Isolde

What a relief it is to meet a *prima donna* who, defying all the deadly conventions of operatic art, acts and looks the part she represents. Doubtless, for those musical enough to care nothing for the dramatic effect of an opera provided the musical interpretation pleased them, the spectacle of a fat and bearded Tristan making passionate and eminently youthful love to a still fatter and very much golden-wigged Isolde clad in flowing white garments, which suggested, least of all, the feminine draperies of the Arthurian era, did not jar so very much, but to others—less musical, perhaps, but with, at any rate, a slight sense of poetic fitness—

The New Isolde: Frl. von Mildenburg

Whose performance of the heroine in *Tristan* at Covent Garden caused a sensation

the dramatic interpretations at Covent Garden of the most beautiful love-story ever told to the world have, up to the present, fallen very short of the ideal. Frl. von Mildenburg is obviously an artist as well as a singer. Her appearance, which is youthful and picturesque, is all in her favour, and the emotional and dramatic quality she manages to infuse into her presentment of Isolde is a revelation of what operatic singing should and could be—minus those awful conventions.

* * *

The Handel Orgie

The reminder that this is the week of the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace fills me with somewhat negative emotions. Were I possessed with a passion to hear a week's music between the exhaustions of Ascot and Henley, the composer I should select would *not* be "Mynheer Handel," but someone "to him unfit to hold a candle." Were I, again, to resign myself to an audition of the old Saxon's oratorios, the exact place in which I should elect to hear them would *not* be the centre transept of the Sydenham glasshouse, nor the manner of performance that which obtains there. For of all the survivals of the Victorian elephantism in art, the Handel Festival, with its overwhelming climaxes, its blaring choruses, its organ blasts, and its rows upon rows of provincial choristers, and its troupe of crack soloists, with their Handelian sentiment, their trills and twirls, and their bars and bars of "a-h's" and "oh's" and "e's," and endless repetitions, is the saddest and most tearful. And yet, I suppose, there are hundreds of people "oop North" who, from the recesses of Manchester and Leeds, and Birmingham, still suspect that this "Festival" is, because of its elephantine bulk, the summit of musical achievement. So let them think. It would be folly to attempt to make them wise in our generation.

BYSTANDER.

Photo *Photo Press*

Handel's birthplace at Halle

The triennial Handel Festival is now taking place at the Crystal Palace, and the above house contains the famous attic in which the child Handel was discovered secretly playing the organ at midnight

The Answer Ambiguous

THE HEAVY FATHER (*violently*): "Now see here, Molly, don't let me catch you and young Dovecot flirting together in the conservatory again"

GUILELESS DAUGHTER (*demurely*): "No, father, you shan't"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

Chinese "Slaves" and Mr. Churchill

A meeting at Rokeburg to protest against the Repatriation Poster, at which the effigies of British Statesmen were burned

According to our Johannesburg correspondent, it was generally feared, and quite unnecessarily, too, that when the repatriation posters were put up in the Chinese compounds there would follow almost immediately a general exodus of fifty or sixty per cent. of the Chinamen. The other day he had a conversation with a crowd of Chinese miners, and learned the very interesting news that they want to remain in South Africa, and will not go back to China on any account until the expiration of their contracts. They are quite satisfied with their wages here, and are content to stay, and they are of opinion that the mine-owners want to replace them with Kaffirs, and they simply laugh at the "posters" with derision, and view the whole matter with suspicion.

Although some time has now elapsed since the notice was first posted, only twelve Chinamen have requested to be repatriated at the expense of the Government, and it is, therefore, very palpable that if this yellow pest is to be removed from the country, the Imperial Government must adopt other methods, for they will never go whilst repatriation is purely optional. Some of these Celestials have acquired wealth far beyond their expectations by gambling and illicit opium buying. The police have trapped a number of these gentlemen trading in this nefarious business, but it still flourishes, and is carried on extensively in spite of the vigilance of the law. One of the accompanying photographs gives some idea of the money made by these slim Celestials by gambling. The motor-cycle is one of three on the Simmer and Jack alone, and the result of gambling debts contracted in the compounds. The Chinaman riding the motor paid fifty pounds for the luxury. After this one need not wonder at their reluctance to leave the Golden City.

As to the feeling of South Africans, generally, on the "repatriation" posters, this can be judged by our first photograph, one of a series of mass meetings held all along the Reef, at which the effigies of the Premier and Mr. Churchill were hanged and burned, and inflammatory speeches delivered.

"Slaves" on the Rand who motor and cycle. The Chinese Coolies have received the Government's Repatriation Poster with derision

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

King Sisowath's Sixty-nine Young Girl-Dancers, who have accompanied his Cambodian Majesty, now the guest of France, will, by Royal command, be allowed to dance at the Colonial Exhibition to be held soon in Marseilles. One of our *confrères* here deplores this from a religious point of view, and his observation is in every way justified. One need not be a scholar to know that these girls are, in a measure, priestesses, whose dances are in every way sacred. We see these dances in the bas-reliefs of the Trocadero, and in reproductions of the Temple of Angkor. It is no excuse to say that His Majesty has given his sanction. Poor Sisowath would sanction anything the French asked him. Hated by his subjects because he usurped the place of the lawful sovereign, he would not be long on the throne if he were not under French protectorate. But, if Sisowath does not consider it below his dignity to come to France

Like a Ballet-Master

and exhibit his priestesses at the fair, it is quite certain that neither his subjects, nor the Brahmin or Buddhist, will approve of this exhibition. To them, these kinds of displays are nothing short of sacrilege. What would be the feelings of a Protestant or Catholic on the banks of the Mekong were he to see the Church ceremonies performed on a stage to a gaping yellow-skinned public! There would be a formidable outcry against the 'barbarians" in the Far East; but we do much the same thing by exhibiting the King of Cambodia's dancers at the Marseilles Fair. These young ladies, certainly, will prove a great attraction, and largely contribute to the success of the Colonial show. At the same time, however, this want of tact on the part of the French authorities will not tend to lessen the dislike of the ye low race for the white man.

* * *

Another grotesque mistake is to believe that these sixty-nine dancers form part of

His Majesty's Harem.

Nothing can be further from the truth. These girls are vestals whom no man may approach. They certainly wait upon the King, fill his pipe, keep him company, dance or sing to him, but *voila tout!* Daughters of Mandarins and other high State officials, they are prepared to marry any man selected for them by the King. Until that moment they lead an absolutely chaste life; and the Royal attendants, moreover, keep careful watch over them. This time it is a Royal Princess, one of

The King's Daughters,

who looks after the moral welfare of the flock. In reply to an inquiry I made, I was told that there are cases on record when dancers have "run off the rails"; but these instances are extremely rare. At one time the offenders were at once put to death. To-day they are expelled; and that is deemed a sufficient disgrace. His Majesty created a tremendous sensation when he landed from the steamer wearing a dilapidated, discoloured bowler hat, in which he had stuck a diamond worth some fifteen thousand pounds. He has since exchanged it for a fashionable high silk hat, and has discarded the diamond, but he is less picturesque. There was something touching in the compliment to European custom in the old "bowler"

His Cambodian Majesty, now on a visit to France

King —— of Cambodia (we should like to give his name but it would occupy too much space) created a sensation at Marseilles, on landing, by appearing in a very battered "bowler," *à la* Petticoat Lane, which was adorned with a gorgeous diamond ornament valued at £15,000

* * *

The "Chicago horrors" are, of course, very much discussed in the Press here, and Frenchmen feel happy in the knowledge that in their country very little tinned meat is consumed. There is a huge

Demand for Preserved Vegetables,

but, so far, these have never yet proved dangerous to health. On the other hand, there is more horse-meat eaten in Paris than in any other city in the world; and I thought it might be interesting to pay a visit to the hippophagic slaughter-house to see how things were managed there. The arrangements in the Vaugirard slaughter-house are, perhaps, a little primitive, but the supervision is perfect, and the greatest care is taken that the animals are quite sound. For all

that, they are sorry-looking brutes, who, owing to accidents or other defects, cannot be used for driving or riding. Four thousand horses, on the average, are killed there every month. As to the

People Who Live on Horse-Flesh,

they are chiefly members of the poorer classes, who can buy good and nourishing meat at a low price. Moreover, the flesh is recommended by doctors because it is never tuberculous, and does not contain tæniada like beef or pork. Another advantage of horse-flesh over all other meats is that all the pieces are equally good, and a capital steak can be obtained from the neck as well as from any other fleshy part of the beast. One of the hospitals here consumes large quantities of it. The number of horses condemned by the veterinary surgeons as unfit for food is about one hundred and thirty per month, from three to four per cent. of the quantity killed. At the charitable institution known as the

"Cantine Maternelle,"

where women nursing their children can obtain a good meal free of charge, horse-flesh, by the doctor's orders, is exclusively used, as it has been found to be both nourishing and digestive. The higher classes will have nothing to do with the *viand de cheval*; but in the lower strata the consumption increases here every year; and if, in your wanderings through the capital, you see workmen outside a wine-shop enjoying a cutlet or a slice of *filet*, you may be certain it comes from *cocotte*, as the *cocher* calls his horse.

At the Women's Congress

The Countess of Aberdeen has won the hearts of the Paris County Council by the excellent speech she made at the reception at the Hotel de Ville. They admired her tact, and they admired her French. We have been smiling over the enthusiasm of the Syndic, M. Bellan, the most amiable of men, who acknowledged to being

"Sentimental, Therefore a Feminist."

M. Bellan, however, was scarcely prepared for the matter-of-fact Mme. Odo Deflon, who required something more positive than compliments, and asked for women's vote in the County Council. The irate lady was not impressed with the support her request obtained from her fellow-workers for equality —for she qualified them as *bêtes* in a voice that carried. No, M. Bellan, women are not superior to men, although you so politely said so. As long as they lose their tempers—men and women—there is nothing superior about either. After all, it is only in the control we exercise over our feelings that we differ materially from animals.

* * *

The statue erected to Alexandre Dumas *fils*,

The Father of Modern Comedy,

has pleased the friends of the popular dramatist. Everybody has had some anecdote to relate, something to say; but the most interesting recollections come from a letter dated June 11, 1874, wherein Dumas tells how he gets his inspiration from the arts he does not practise. He acknowledges to having been more served by listening to a symphony of Beethoven, or contemplating the Jocanda or Antiope than by the finest masterpieces of Molière.

FRANCES KEYZER

Some of the dusky priestesses in the King of Cambodia's suite

The King is attended by a large company of native priestesses and two or three wives. His Majesty has been playing the part of ballet-master, for the time being, by allowing them to give their dances at the Marseilles Fair, though their strange contortions—ridiculous in European eyes—are, to them, of an essentially religious nature

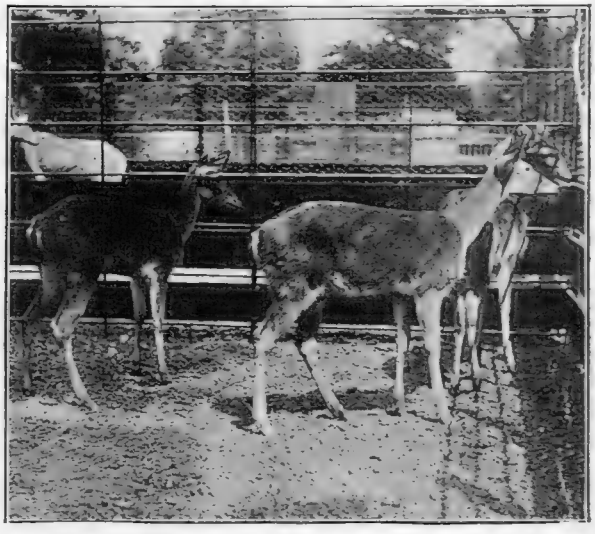
A Prince's Pets

THE FAMOUS COLLECTION OF ANIMALS WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES BROUGHT FROM INDIA TO THE ZOO

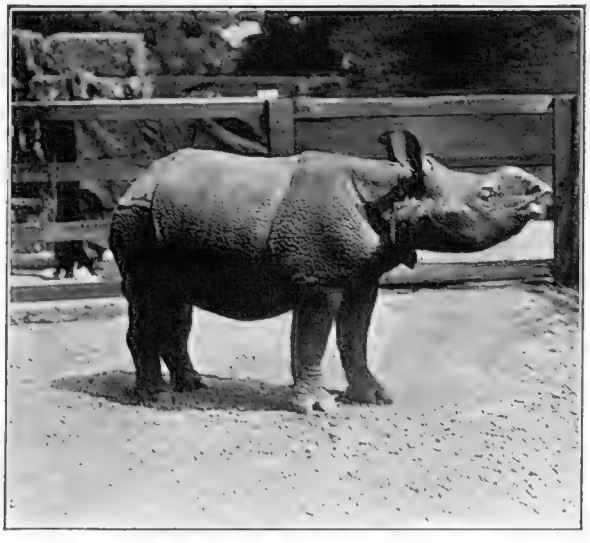
A young Tibetan Mastiff
One of the many gifts of animals to the Prince of Wales during his Indian tour

His Striped Highness of Bengal
Who seemed to be the reverse of gratified by the honour of the Prince's visit, greeting the Royal arrival with discourteous growls

An Indian Domestic Sheep
Which, after all, very much resembles one of our own "South Downers." Perhaps the tiger's ill-temper was accounted for by the tantalising proximity of this sheep during the long voyage



Barasinga Deer
The only casualty during the long voyage from the East was among the deer, one of which escaped from the pen and jumped overboard



Jimmy, the Rhinoceros
Who, in contrast to the tiger, exhibited every sign of friendship towards his Royal visitors, eating bananas and cake from the little Princes' hands during their visit recently

Hathi, aged 12 months
Who was inclined to be too frisky on his arrival at the Zoo, and had to be tied up, after which he amused himself by covering himself with all the straw within reach

The PLAYHOUSES

Daly's Theatre

"THE GEISHA" REVIVED

The "Story of a Tea House," so ably told by Mr. Owen Hall, Mr. Harry Greenbank, and Mr. Sidney Jones, deserves to rank with the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. Its charm is all abiding. It bears revival. Indeed, the revival of *The Geisha* shows up the sorry stuff in the way of musical plays with which of recent years we have had to be content. "Ah! this is the real thing again," the audience seemed to say, and smacked their lips in relish at the haunting melodies, the dainty lyrics, the pretty stage pictures. The revival was a success from the word "Go!"

"Who dares this pair of boots displace?"

Our artist would like to know how much longer the music-hall comedian will find humour in exaggerated footwear (to say nothing of his hat, his face, his tie, and—his jokes)

The audience could hardly forbear applauding the preludes of their favourite songs. They yelled "'Cor, 'Cor!" at the finish of songs and dances with an enthusiasm which broke strangely and delightfully upon the ear. It is long since I have witnessed a house moved by such genuine and whole-hearted enthusiasm. But then, Mr. Jones's opera provides such a feast for the ear. Other musical plays are considered tolerably popular if three or four of the songs catch on. There is not a weak number in *The Geisha*. And the choruses! How often are the choruses and concerted numbers of a comic opera mere "fill-ups" to the solos, long stretches of meaningless music without a touch of inspiration.

If there were not a good number in *The Geisha*, the choruses alone would fill the music-lover with joy. They form a delightful interpretation of the *mise-en-scène*. They tell the story quite as much as the book or the solo numbers. To take but two examples. What more full of melody and meaning than the lamentation chorus after the news is received that Wun Hi's tea-house is to be sold up; or the rhythmic swing of the measure sung and danced by the chief Geisha before the Marquis Imari, commencing, "With splendour auspicious." But examples of characteristic melody might be revealed by the simple process of opening the score at random.

Concerning the Players

Of the original cast of the first production in 1896, but Mr. Louis Bradfield remains. It was pleasant to see Mr. Bradfield, who is a great favourite, back in his old part, but he has got into the way of being a little too breezy. His talking voice is almost a shout.

Molly Seamore is not a new rôle for Miss Marie Studholme. Most delightful of *ingénue* parts, Miss Studholme plays it with all her old charm, and with a touch of gracious womanliness, which makes up for the girlish vivacity with which she used to invest the character. It is the same Molly grown a little older, and, by consequence, a little more charming.

Mr. Graves has gone through the MSS. of his part, the Marquis Imari, and touched it up in his own manner. It is full of quaint, though strictly modern, conceits. Mr. Graves is a master of the art of gagging.

Mr. Evett makes a capital Fairfax, as anyone might have foretold on hearing he had been cast for the part. He sang "Star of my Soul" with great taste and feeling. And what of Mimosa San, starriest of star parts? Miss May de Sousa sang the rôle like the musician she has proved herself to be. She has such perfect control of her voice. It is so clear, so true, so exquisitely produced. From the first burst of song "without" the prelude to "The Amorous Goldfish" to the last note of "The Jewel of Asia," she sang her music with perfect expression and finish. Her acting is not on a par with her singing; where the rôle calls for tenderness she is excellent, but her comedy is weak in that it is too strong. She puts too much emphasis upon the comedy passages.

There is another singer in the cast with a voice also beautifully modulated, produced with the ease and finish of Miss May de Sousa. This singer is Mlle. Mariette Sully, who, without the least apparent endeavour, lifts the rôle of the French girl, Juliette, into the very front rank. Her song, "Je suis toujours si gai," with its rippling laughing refrain, created a furore. She gave the audience quite a Continental touch by forcing them to express their delight by a salvo of bravas. Her acting is every whit as

A King of Comedy

SOME OF THE RÔLES IN WHICH MR. J. L. TOOLE WAS SEEN AT HIS BEST

Photos *H. W. Barnett*

As "Caleb Plummer"

As "Paul Pry"

Photo *H. W. Barnett*

As "Serjeant Buzfuz"

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The latest photograph of Mr. J. L. Toole

Photo *H. W. Barnett*

As "The Butler"

finished as her singing. She has all the charm what is desired from a conscientious and, at the same time, humorous struggle with a foreign language. If you want to laugh with her—because she laughs herself at her own attempt—go and hear her try to pronounce "earthquake." It alone is worth the price of admission.

* * *

A "Deadhead" Story

The latest story of a "deadhead," as those are elegantly named who prefer to witness plays without the bother of paying, comes from Australia. A woman was found crying on the steps leading to the gallery of a Melbourne theatre. She sobbed hard enough to shake her hat off, and declared, in broken-hearted accents, that she wanted to see the play. It was the story of her own life. O, she so wanted to see the play! A benevolent stranger came up, and, touched at the spectacle, handed over the money for a gallery ticket. She worked the same damp jest with equal success at all the theatres where tragedies were being played. Finally, she wished for a change of dramatic diet, so let down her hair and wept at the door of a theatre where the most irresponsible musical comedy on record was being played. When she said she wanted to go in because this large-hatted, short-skirted revel of mirth and song and champagne and jewellery was just the sad story of her own life, the management said, curtly, that it reckoned she had had a pretty good time of it, and didn't need sympathy.

The Red-Nosed Comedian

Do not imagine, O playgoers, because you have not seen him for some time that the red-nosed comedian has vanished from the stage. His influence on the larger variety houses has, indeed, of late years been sadly on the wane, but he flourishes, so our artist declares, in a humble sphere of dramatic entertainment. He still rings eternal change on those two Life-Faces—if I may borrow Shaw's expression—Drink and the Mother-in-law. I can see him now stumbling on for his turn with a premonitory hiccough. He is garbed in raiment of greenish black, his topper is brushed the wrong way. The only splash of colour in his dead-white, dissipated face is his luminous nose. His boots are many, many sizes too large, and with his shabby "gingham" he drives home his worn-out jokes. He was pathetic, as only the blatantly vulgar can be pathetic. But, in spite of what he has made us suffer, no one could have the heart to wish him ill, poor comedian, armed with a "stick" of carmine.

Criterion Theatre

It is pleasant to learn that the associations of the Criterion will be revived next October by the return of Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore. They will produce a new play by the author who has already provided them with successes—Mr. Hubert Henry Davies. The play, yet in the making, is entitled *The Mollusc*. Not a very happy title this. Perhaps the *Referee* will suggest something more attractive.

E. C. S.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

A New Musical Prodigy: Miecio Horszowski

Who has performed with success at recent London concerts

ASCOT SUNDAY ON THE RIVER

Photo F. G. Callcott
The King's motor-launch

The Way to Get There

I sometimes wonder, in these days of motors, how on earth we existed before they came. I know I for one got exceedingly bored with the only way of spending a day on the river when there were no cars to take one down to Maidenhead or Henley and no electric launches to navigate the river when one did get there. The motor has so simplified existence, and the cabs and trains which spoiled one's clothes and very often, at that uncompromising hour of the morning, one's temper too, are things of the past. The motor has changed everything. A whole day's pleasure is now as easily obtainable as a stall at the theatre, and by the same means—two or three minutes on the telephone. One has only to telephone a good West-End tradesman to have luncheon-baskets sent along, and the thing is done! As for the journey down, well, certainly, if one is only going to Maidenhead, there is not, what with tram-lines and police-traps, much pleasure in that; but then it is so soon over there is hardly time to grumble; and if going further ahead, to Henley or Pangbourne, the road is beautiful, and it is real country. If Maidenhead is the destination, however, any fancied disadvantages the journey down may have had are soon made up for once the launch starts up-stream. To many people, the delay at Boulter's on every fine Sunday morning all through June is more of a pleasure than otherwise, so interesting is the collection of boats, with their burden of happy, determined-at-all-costs-to-enjoy-itself humanity.

And the Joys of Being There

This year, thank goodness! the paint, pearls, and powder we had grown quite accustomed to seeing on the launches on Ascot Sunday seem to have disappeared, and "simple" muslin frocks, which had not obviously graced the enclosure lawns on Cup Day, are the order of the day. Once through Boulter's, however, one's opportunities of studying river humanity at close quarters are over, for there are few more long waits, and the journey through the ensuing reach, under the lovely woods crested by Lord Desborough's, Mr. Astor's, and Lord Boston's places, very quickly accomplished, so easy going are the electric launches now. At beautiful Marlow, where, under the shade of the Quarry Woods, dozens of launches stop to sample very thoroughly the aforementioned luncheon-baskets, and to partake, with that gentle thirst only the river gives, of the Piper Heidsieck, a whole colony of Americans are in residence for the season.

Reaching Henley, which already looks ready for the regatta, Phyllis Court Club makes a delightful rendezvous for tea under the lovely old trees which shade its lawns, and the journey down stream, with the sun sinking warmly into the West and the beautiful reaches alive with home-going craft, makes one less regretful than ever of the town joys of Park and receptions and even Hurlingham, which one has missed. No, taking one thing with another, as they used to say at the Savoy, the joys of a day on the river since the birth of the motor need a very great deal of beating.

Photo] **Motoring one's way riverwards** *["Bystander" Copyright*

The method, *par excellence*, of reaching the river with speed and comfort is the motor-car, which emancipates the Thames-goer from the tyranny of the time-table, and enables him to carry his equipment for a day's outing complete from town to his boat or launch

ASCOT SUNDAY ON THE RIVER

The most popular show-place on the Thames, where all the world flocks on the Sunday after Ascot, a

ER. THE SCENE AT BOULTER'S LOCK

, and at which the crush of boats, and the ever-moving procession, form a scene full of colour and movement

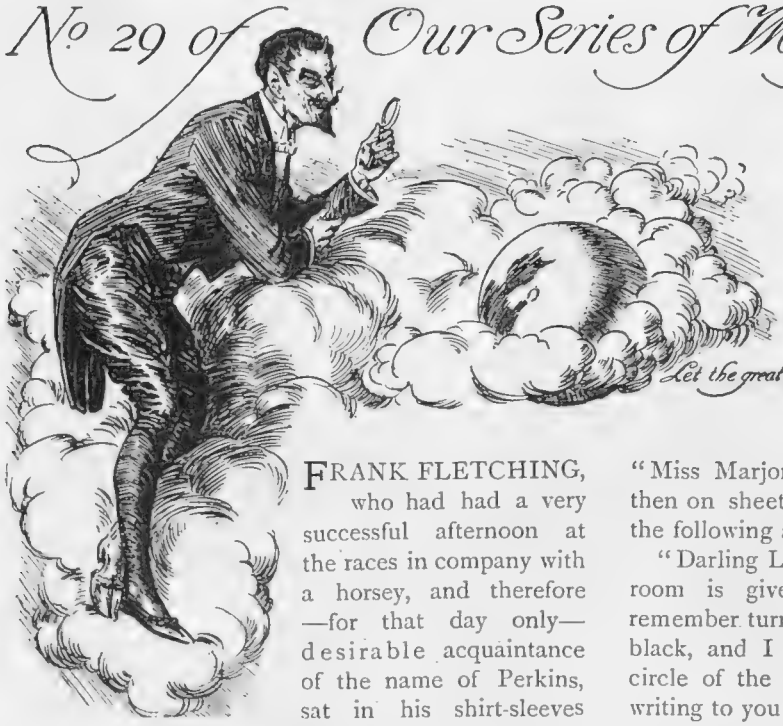
Some Gems of River Scenery

Marlow Weir

Just below the suspension bridge are the weir and mill, which with the spire of the Gothic church rising from among groups of trees, make the scene very attractive. It was while floating down stream at Marlow that Shelley penned many of his finest poems

The River at Wargrave: Park Place

No. 29 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



Cross-Currents

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

FRANK FLETCHING, who had had a very successful afternoon at the races in company with a horsey, and therefore—for that day only—desirable acquaintance of the name of Perkins, sat in his shirt-sleeves at a low writing-table in a Bloomsbury flat. It was late on a warm July evening, when one would have expected such a fair-skinned, outdoor young man to have been occupied in almost any other manner but reading Maeterlinck. He pored heavily over the book, and there were most appreciative changes in the expression of his face. A pair of binoculars lay on the table cheek by jowl with a book of sonnets from someone's private press at Oxford. In the bookcase which covered the wall at his back were modern novels, several drably bound volumes of essays of the 'fifties and 'sixties, and a wonderful collection of miscellaneous literature, ranging from Rollin's "Belles Lettres," to "The Ballad of Beau Brocade." Pushed in between the books here and there were race-cards, dance programmes, and picture postcards.

Fletching read steadily until the clock struck nine, reminding him that he had given a half-promise to rejoin Perkins at that hour on the promenade of the Optima music-hall, although that was one of the many places in the world where Perkins would be quite intolerable. He put down the book and drew a photograph of a charming young girl towards him. She had been taken apparently in the attitude of pinning on her hat, and her chin was poised at a very tempting angle. She was a delicately pretty child, and, allowing for the flattery of the camera, could not possibly have been more than twenty. And yet there was a tired look about the eyes, which might have been caused either by naughtiness or Continental travel. To Fletching she was the dearest, the most bewitching baby in the world. He smiled delightedly as he recalled the high-coiled mass of hair, the red lips, the silken skin. Pushing aside the picture, he took up a pen and addressed an envelope to "Miss Marjorie Baird, Arnheim, Folkestone." And then on sheets of square, thick notepaper he wrote the following absurd letter:—

"Darling Little You,—The only light in my sitting-room is given by my reading lamp. Do you remember turning it out? The room is beautifully black, and I expect I look very interesting in the circle of the lamp light. What a delight I find in writing to you! When the train steamed out of the station, and carried my own—own Marjorie off, I felt as if I must be miserable for ever. And, indeed, I have been moping until I took up the pen just now. I feel I can say ever so much better on paper the pretty things that I longed so to whisper in your ear. Extempore I could never do you justice. Your wide, sweet eyes—their violet depths so eloquent of purity—your lovely dancing curls, your glittering teeth—well, they all made me stammer. Do you recollect how I tried to tell what I thought of you last Thursday evening—and gave it up, and kissed you? You looked rather disappointed, I thought, but, after all, it was a waste of time to talk. By the way, how dared you wear a purple petticoat with a blue frock, gipsy? What a liberty to take with Bond Street, or even the Academy? Oh yes, it was an immense success. But may I say that I preferred Tuesday evening, the pink, and the pink, and the pink. Do I talk too much of *dessous* and *frou-frou*? Scold me!

"Girlie, I dare not be serious. You told me you loved me, you promised to be mine, but I could not help noticing that you preferred me to be frivolous. Of course, we know nothing about each other, but that is only conventional. I met you on Jackie's houseboat, and, as he knows the right sort, I told my people at once about you. With what result, eh? Well, to be perfectly frank with you, Marjorie, they simply smiled. The pater was disgustingly rude. He wanted me very much to marry an Irish young person in Bayswater, who has seven sisters. And when he heard where you lived, he remarked that a wife in the hand was worth two at Shepherd's Bush, forgetting that I had said Acton.

"But whatever does the opinion of other people matter? I expect your parents would make just as rude remarks about me if you told them of our engagement. It is a sad pity that you are not of age,

Another "Worldly" story next week

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"The Love of a Geisha"

Photo] **Fugi-Ko, an actress of Japan** *[Bassano*

The managers of Fugi-Ko announce that she will present in London this season a one-act "Dream Play" of Japan. This first offering of such a form of dramatic art in the Western World is called *The Love of a Geisha*, and is an embodied idea of the doctrine of Nirvana, reduced to a popular form. In the production, Fugi-Ko will give an interpretation quaint and unique outside the Orient

or I might run away with you at once. How would you like to be married by the scruff of the neck? But I couldn't possibly marry you until you had got together a trousseau. So perhaps it is just as well that we are compelled to wait a year. Oh yes, darling, men can be very thoughtful at times.

"Do you remember that night after the dance, when I kissed your feet as you lay back in the chair? Now, whenever I get to the foot of a page I think of those delightful moments, and experience an absurd craving to kiss your feet again. It symbolises all I feel for you, that kiss of your little pink silk slipper. But you are my plaything just as much as my princess. If it were not so, you would find me rather a boring husband, and that I shall not be."

A knock at the sitting-room door interrupted his writing. A flat attendant, playfully known as "Elia," because his real name was Charles Lamb, entered with a letter. Elia highly approved of the arrival of letters addressed in a feminine hand. He was a wicked old man, and had had one foot in the grave and the other in intrigue for many a long year. He presented the letter with just such an air as he would have offered a friend a cigarette, and, after a few airy remarks on the oppressive 'eat of Bloomsbury as compared to 'ell, bore off the waste-paper basket to spend the evening in the ghoulish amusement of piecing together the contents.

Fletching's face flushed as he noticed the post-mark. It was the first letter he had had from her, and he settled back in his chair to greedily enjoy the closely written pages. And here is the very astonishing letter that Marjorie Baird had written:—

"Dearest Old Darling,—I am almost too breathless to write a sensible letter. I am radiantly happy, and yet very, very sad. Do you understand the feeling? At breakfast this morning, I simply devoured the eggs and bacon, and shuddered at the marmalade. I am pink for an hour, and then white for sixty minutes. Why aren't you here to kiss me in the white hours? This morning they made me sing for them when we returned from bathing. I sang '*La vie est brêve — Un peu d'amour — Un peu de rêve — Et puis, bon jour!*' Was it not a strange song to sing this morning? They asked for it particularly. When I had finished, I nearly screamed aloud. Whenever shall I get my nerve back again?

"I am wondering so about the future. Are you sure about yourself? You see we have only known each other for seven days. You have certainly became a part of my life. But I cannot be sure yet whether you are a luxury or a necessity. Are you black cashmere or open-work silk? That is the question. I love you. Oh, I do so love you. But I should feel happier and more contented, I think, if you were not such a splendid thing to look at. You wear such pleasing clothes, and one knows instinctively that the petticoat is prettier than the skirt with some people. If you only had poor teeth, or wore ugly boots, I should be convinced that you were destined to be my lord and master. I can see you smiling at that phrase, but, really, I should be very obedient. Promise never to smack me, or throw the furniture about, Frank, and I shall make a solemn vow at the altar never to wait for you with the poker concealed in my tea-gown. I shall never grumble if you object to my friends, and you can even side with the servants when they give notice. I feel now that I want to give you everything—everything except the things I bought at Lavigne's on Thursday morning. I wouldn't part with my new silk sunshade for the best husband in the world. Ah, yes, I would, dear.

"Of course, they are making love to me at the boarding-house. One is old and rich, and I should like to be his widow. He eats too much for the perfect husband. If he would give all his money and some of his weight to a very poor, thin Civil Servant, who is down here writing a book on Notorious Beauties of the French Court, and has offered to let me read his chapter on Ninon de l'Enclos, I should have two eligible suitors. There is something original about a man who spends his time over the history of *dead* hussies. Are you original, Frank? You sometimes quote people I have never heard of, but you never say anything that I remember. You say, 'I love you.' It's splendidly solid, of course. But the Husseyologist says, 'I wish to Heaven I had never met you,' and it's the sort of confession that you cannot forget. If he wasn't such an explorer, he might think me nice.

"I want you every moment of the day, but I have to try to amuse myself with other people, or I should be miserable. Shall I make you a good wife? Or am I too frivolous? I feel sure I should be very faithful to you. I might even become quite domesticated. Sometimes the sight of a fat mother with a bunch of fat babies makes me choke with laughter, sometimes it makes me very wistful and sad. Both attitudes are ridiculous, dear, aren't they? Am I becoming serious? I think I have one of my white hours coming on. I must have been born a little bit crooked. Have you ever made up your mind as to whether the thorns grow to protect the little roses, or to torment them? My thorns do not protect me. They are part of myself. I was born with a handicap. Oh, dear Frank, I am telling you. Did you not guess? You must have suspected, even if you preferred to be blind. I ought to have told you before. But I could never have said it to your face. I am the wrong sort, Frank. Oh pity me, pity me! I am writing in agony—against my will. Who is it driving me to do this? It is you, you. I love you so. And you must know at once. Don't fling me away. Let me be something to you. See me sometimes. I will wait on you, scrub your floors, be your slave. Frank, do have mercy! I am glad it is over, and that I have confessed. But I love you, really, dearest. Do remember this . . . MARJORIE."

Fletching was deathly pale as he raised his eyes from the letter. He crushed it slightly in his left hand, and, rising, walked shakily to the couch under the window. This woman had fooled him then. He thought again of her graceful girlishness, the steady gaze of her wide eyes, her seeming delicacy of thought and expression. Thinking challenges the devil, and very shortly Fletching stood up and damned. It was superb swearing, for the man was a famous wet-bob, and knew pretty nearly every coach's vocabulary. He kicked the chairs about, and very

nearly desecrated his golf clubs. He called the gods to witness that if ever there was an immoral—and it was then that he remembered Perkins and the Optima. Someone must be told of this, someone must assist in the impeachment. Who knows but that Perkins, with his mature saloon-bar education, might be able to coin a new phrase to hurl at the head of this depraved little schemer? But first there was the letter to answer

He sat down and hurriedly wrote. Five lines—and he threw the sheet away. The next bore only one line—"My dearest Marjorie"—before it, too, was flung aside. Any form of address was absurd. At last he scribbled this:—

"You won my love and my reverence. Having once loved as I loved you, a man could not love again. You have robbed me of the power of love. I love you now—as you were. I shrink from you as you are. I shall probably marry in time, but it will be hell, because I shall never be able to banish a false idol from my thoughts. Can you imagine a worse fate than to be condemned to worship a hateful god? You are hateful—the you that wrote that letter. But the girl who kissed my hands on the mat in Askew Square I shall always love.—FRANK FLETCHING."

When Fletching re-read this letter, the tears very nearly came to his eyes. He rose from the table and put back in its place the volume of Maeterlinck. He then walked across to the bedroom door to fetch his coat and opera hat, stopping on the way to look at the list of Ranelagh fixtures pinned up by the mantelshelf. A lump of coal had fallen from the dusty scuttle. This he bowled with off-break action into the empty grate, and proceeded to wash his hands with something approaching cheerfulness. He noted with some amusement that in a fit of abstraction he had put his pyjamas in the trouser press, and very nearly chuckled at the memories recalled by a crumpled ball-programme. Only on the threshold of the flat, with his hand on the door-knob, did he remember the letter. The stamp-case was empty. He put the letter in the inside pocket of his overcoat.

. . . . . .

George James Perkins had sandy hair and an equally inartistic moustache. Successful betting invariably made him feel morganatic, and in the evening of lucky days he was always to be found in the promenade of some popular music-hall. He had been educated at the same famous public school as Fletching, but whisky had undermined his culture. He never became incapably drunk; the only symptom evident was an irritating giggle. And he looked amazingly healthy for all his irregularities.

Fletching caught sight of his friend immediately on entering the hall, but as the latter was engaged in conversation with a statuesque lady robed in azure blue, he did not at once make his arrival known. A girl with bruised eyes sold him a programme, and from it he gathered that "Miss Truly Lowe" would indulge in some acrobatic dancing. The antics of Miss Lowe considerably tickled the fancy of this erratic young man. He found himself wagering as to whether she would eclipse the feat of winding her left leg round her neck. What else could be done in the sphere of contortion? Was a high-kick the physical counterpart of a flight in mental gymnastics? If one understood Ibsen, ought one not *per contra* to applaud the high-kick? If Ibsen was a moralist, was not Miss Truly Lowe a missioner? If Herod were King of England, how would he tabulate the innocents? And one could not stand by and see one's grandmother slaughtered. At this interesting point, Perkins struck him on the shoulder.

"Allow me to introduce you to Lady St. Smith," said Perkins. Fletching bowed to the azure-clad aristocrat. She had a wonderful face, pale and clear. Her eyes asked questions, and the curve of her lips was a running comment on her emotions. She drew them tight, she dropped the under-lip, she bit the top one, she pouted. "Poor St. Smith," thought Fletching. Terrible to be mated to a capricious woman.

They all three sat down at a tiny table, and drank whisky and soda-water. In the course of a quarter of an hour's general talk, Perkins wondered how they kept the house open with such a show, condemned the whisky, flattered Her Ladyship, tipped a "snip" for the next big race, said that he found ballets stifling, told one very dull story and pulled his moustache. The lady mostly preserved a passenger attitude. Her only contributions to the conversation were an enquiry if Fletching knew the Hinks of Hampshire, a warning to Perkins not to talk so loud, and an intimation, addressed to Fletching, that the St. Smith family *ménage* was situated in St. Martin's Lane.

Fletching was most anxious to be rid of the presence of any third party, but yet he felt strangely attracted by this dazzlingly beautiful woman. She returned his glances in the frankest possible manner, but there was no vulgarity in her stare. Only when she spoke could one find anything to criticise, and her toleration of Perkins was quite inexplicable. Such a woman, one would have thought, would have required her male companions at least to *look* gentlemen. And Perkins's exterior, for all his healthy complexion, proclaimed him a far more vulgar character than was really the case. Fletching might have sat there till the close of the music-hall, had not Perkins broken up the group.

"Frank," he said, "I want to have a little chat with you. Will you come along to my rooms?' Fletching's face expressed surprise, but he readily assented. An acquaintance of Her Ladyship's had stopped to speak to her, and this gave the two men an opportunity to bid her good-night. Fletching raised his hat. Perkins did not.

They both smoked in moody silence on the way to Pall Mall, where Perkins's rooms were situated. Both had something to say, but neither felt encouraged by the freshness of the night air. It was not till they were facing each other in comfortable armchairs in Perkins's comically furnished sitting-room that the subject which was really on the minds of both was broached.

"Do you remember that little girl you met on Jack's houseboat?" asked Perkins. Fletching opened his eyes wide, but nodded.

"Have you seen her since? . . . . Of course you have. Took her about a good deal until two days ago, when she went to Folkestone, eh? What was the game, sonny? I've never known you do this before."

(Continued on page 654)

A Charming Columbine

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Pauline Chase, now playing Columbine in "Pantaloon" at the Duke of York's Theatre

Miss Chase contemplates visiting her home in America during the coming autumn, but as Barrie's *Peter Pan* would be incomplete without her, she will be back in England in time for the revival of that play next Christmas

(Continued from page 652)

"What the devil do you know about her?" growled Fletching.

"Why didn't you ask that a week ago?"

"Why should I have asked you?"

"Frank, you're in love with her.

Fletching rose from his seat and stamped up and down the room. Perkins made a very curious noise with his nose, and then set to stroking it with his left hand. Perkins did not quite know what being in love meant, but he thought he could recognise the malady in others.

"Look here," said Fletching, suddenly. "You can never understand what it means, you're utterly incapable of an unselfish passion; but I did love that girl." And then he blurted the whole story.

Perkins listened attentively, even to Fletching's rapturous periods as to the purity of his affection. Now and then he whistled softly, and at the end he produced a toothpick. Fletching turned his back, and stared out of the window.

There was silence in the room for a few minutes. The man at the window waited for sympathy. It did not come.

"Do you see that escritoire in the corner? Push the top back. It's open. There's a letter in the right hand top drawer. Read it."

It seemed to Fletching that he had done nothing all day but read and write letters. He opened the drawer as he was told, and took out an envelope addressed in the handwriting of Marjorie Baird. Fletching felt a sudden weakness, and he sat down to read the contents.

"Dear old Polly," it began. All members of the family of Perkins are nicknamed "Polly," for an obvious reason.

"I am in the throes of a new experience. The sensation is perfectly delicious. He really does love me, and wants to marry me. You know who I mean. Now, Polly, please don't spoil the fun. You know I'm straight. I wouldn't do him for worlds. He is much too nice a boy. Do let me enjoy this really wonderful adventure for a few weeks. You are the only man who could really give the show away, and I know you are fond of both of us. I will write and tell him myself in time. I swear I will, Polly. Do, do believe me. If you knew how happy I am, you would let it go on a little longer. But I can't expect you to understand real love. Now do write and say you will trust me to play square. And you might enclose a tenner, dear, will you? You can't think how stony I am. You see, I cannot possibly mention such a thing to him. Yours lovingly, MARJORIE. P.S.—When he gets to know, don't let him think worse of me than is necessary."

"When did you get this letter?"

"It came this morning, just after I left."

"What does the postscript mean?" said Fletching, sternly.

"It means that it's hardly her fault that she isn't a very good little girl. . . . You know the lady I introduced you to this evening?"

"In blue?"

"Yes. That's her mother."

"Good-night."

"Good-night, sonny. Go carefully down the stairs. They are very dark. Can you see your way? Oh, by the way, Frank, you can't expect me to understand true love, can you? Ta-ta!"

Half-way down Pall Mall, Fletching reflected that Perkins had had nothing condemnatory to say of Marjorie's behaviour. In Cockspur Street he agreed that Perkins was right, and, when on arrival at his own rooms he abstracted the unposted letter from the pocket of his overcoat, he was quite of opinion that that was not the sort of letter to send at all. Still in his hat and coat, he sat down at the writing-table, and, after a little reflection, concocted the following:—

"My Dear Little Girl,—You evidently misunderstood me sadly. There is no fun in being in love unless you are perfectly and passionately serious. I gather from your letter that you want our affection to be—haphazard. How very dull! Why could you not have let us go on pretending that we were everything to each other? It was bad enough to be told the truth by Perkins last Sunday, but I never changed my attitude towards you a little bit, did I? Now, you dear, silly, little girl, you go out of your way to tell me the truth yourself. That was stupid, because you will find me inevitably discourteous on occasion. If you write me a nice, tempting letter I shall come down for the week-end.—Your devoted, FRANK."

He sealed the envelope, and crossing to the sideboard mixed and drank a brandy and soda. The glass slipped from his fingers, and broke on the floor. He gathered up the pieces, and was about to throw them in the grate when he suddenly paused and took the largest piece of glass to his writing-table, throwing the residue away. He next threw off the bulk of his clothes, and put on a dressing-gown. It was too close to attempt to sleep. From a leather cricket-bag in the corner he took a couple of bats, and carried the darkest and dirtiest to the table. Then, with the sharp edge of the piece of glass, he proceeded to scrape the blade clean.

Once more he got up from his chair, this time to fetch a big pipe, which he crammed tight with tobacco. A little abstractedly he held a burning match to the bowl. The match burnt his fingers, and he dropped it hurriedly. It fell on the letter he had just written, and before it was extinguished burnt a small hole in the envelope.

When the tobacco finally lit, he went on with his scraping, every now and then raising his head and staring meditatively across the room. Presently he turned the shade of the reading lamp so that the light fell on the mantelpiece clock. It was five minutes to one.

He put down the bat and picked up the letters. Marjorie's letter to him, his first to her, his second, and his third, together with the envelopes. From the frame in front of him he took her photograph. It was printed in sepia, and mounted on a dark, thick paper. He looked at it carefully, and then crushed it up in his hand. The letters and the photograph he placed in the grate. Remembering Elia, he lit them and they were burnt to ashes just as the clock struck one.

Fletching re-lit his pipe and went on scraping the cricket-bat. BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS.

Anxious Moments

TROUT FISHING AT KILFIRA

FROM A PHOTO BY LIEUT.-COLONEL CRAWFORD McFALL

An Ideal "Pied-a-Terre"

THE BUILDING AND FURNISHING OF A BUNGALOW COTTAGE

Elevation of a £230 cottage, which can be furnished for 60 guineas

Some years back a man, who talked of "his little place in the country," was known to be airing the mock modesty of the millionaire.

It was merely his polite way of glossing over the difference between his income and your own. But you were wise enough to know that his "little place" had a rental of several hundreds per annum, and if you were invited down for the week-end you were careful to put a dress-suit in your portmanteau.

The Country Cottage craze has changed all that. In common with many of my fellow-creatures, I have lately been searching for a *pied-à-terre* as near as possible to my golf club—a little place whither I could adjourn each week-end, in the praiseworthy endeavour to lower my handicap beneath twelve, its sticking point. To achieve my ambition, I was prepared to spend £300, all told.

"A cottage in the air," you may remark.

"By no means. I have found exactly that of which I was in search."

An enterprising firm of West-End furnishers, Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., is willing to build me the cottage of my dreams, and furnish it throughout for a trifle under £250.

I happened to stumble upon an exhibition in their showrooms in the Hampstead Road.

They have erected two bungalow cottages, as picturesque as can be, with their red tiles, their white rough-cast walls almost covered with creepers, their rustic bow windows, fitted with leaded glass, and their pretty gabled porches. It is as pretty a "built-up scene" as ever graced a domestic play.

Living-room of a £200 cottage, which can be furnished throughout for 45 guineas

The £200 cottage on the right as you enter contains a living-room, three bedrooms, and a kitchen. It is artfully planned so that the kitchen and maid's bedroom is shut off from the living-room, while access to the front door is given without the maid having to pass through the living-room. One is struck first of all by the excellent taste of the furniture. It is so well designed. Look at the sideboard modelled upon the lines of an old Welsh dresser, and fitted with shelves for china; at the

Cromwellian table ; at the quaintly designed oak chairs ; at the casement curtains ; at the window seats. Everywhere the good taste of famous furniture-makers of old has been requisitioned for modern wares. It is not imitation, it is adaptation, and the effect is charming in the extreme. The eye is attracted as much by the colour-scheme of carpets, curtains, and crockery, as by the line of table, chairs, and settees. It is easy enough to produce pretty effects in furniture for a low price you may object, but what of its durability? The answer is decisive. All the furniture of the living-room and of the best bedroom is solid oak. And the cost of furnishing this cottage throughout, from hat-rack to egg-whisk, is 45 guineas. Think of it, ye readers, with your extravagant ideas of a *pied-à-terre*—which is a cottage by courtesy and a mansion in effect—45 guineas for furnishing your country home completely! Moreover, your 45-guinea set will need no renewal, however strenuous a life you lead in your week-end cottage. Just look in the bedroom. Everything is simple but durable. Nothing florid or of the gimcrack order ; just an oak bedstead of simple design, an art printed spread, a 3-ft. wardrobe with bevelled-edge glass, an art shaded toilet set. Everything in this exhibition subjected to the severest examination—wire-woven mattress, feather pillows, sheets, and blankets of good quality. Everything stood the minutest test. Where all is low-priced nothing is "cheap."

Best bedroom of the £230 bungalow, with oak bedstead, wardrobe, toilet set, and complete fixtures

Bedroom No. 2 is prettily designed in solid hazel-wood. Nothing is scamped by the makers. The same note of thoroughness is struck throughout—down to the servant's bedroom and the kitchen looking a model of what a kitchen should be, with its bright pots and pans.

In each room is printed a list of the articles it contains as well as the price. You can order anything you fancy down to the humblest kitchen utensil.

Messrs. Oetzmann are prepared to build you, from the design of Mr. W. Henry White, of 14A, Cavendish Place, the smaller cottage for £200, the larger for £230 ; and to furnish the first for 45 guineas, the second for 60 guineas. The estimate of building is approximate, be it understood. Of course, the price must vary according to site and the conditions and the local labour market. They will go even farther. They are Estate Agents, as well as furniture manufacturers, and have a register of suitable land for the convenience of their customers. So you can stroll in any morning and buy a cottage.

"Living room" of a £230 bungalow cottage, with oak furniture

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Guilds of Florence." By Edgcumbe Staley. (Methuen.)
"English Coloured Books." By Martin Hardie. (Methuen: 25*s.* net.)
"Points of View." By L. F. Austin. (The Bodley Head: 6*s.*)
"Sixty Years of Journalism." By H. Findlater Bussey. (Arrowsmith: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

FICTION

"The Bar Sinister." By J. Morgan de Groot. (Blackwood: 6*s.*)
"Whispers About Women." By Leonard Merrick. (Eveleigh Nash: 6*s.*)
"Audrey, the Actress." By Horace Wyndham. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

"The Guilds of Florence,"

by Edgcumbe Staley (Methuen: 16*s.* net), gives the blow, in a convincing fashion, to those noisy agitators who suffer from the delusion that Trades Unionism is a daring political innovation, and the Labour Party a new and strange influence in the Councils of States. Call a Trade Union a "Guild," which, being interpreted, is an "association of men of the same class or trade, formed for mutual aid and protection," and you find the first of the kind was formed in England in the eighth century. But pass to the Middle Ages, and you find them universal throughout Europe, but nowhere enjoying such power, pomp, and influence as in "Firenze la Bellissima"—otherwise Florence. Perusal of Mr. Staley's book convinces me that the Trade Union of our day is a poor sociological starveling, a wan and pallid thing, compared with its prototype of the Middle Ages, the Florentine Guild. Not one trade was there, nor one profession, from Justice, Finance, medicine, to butchery, bakery, and candle-stick making, but was banded together in its defence, and so powerful were the Guilds in combine, and the "working classes" as a body, that, in Florence, it was more or less discreditable, and even dangerous, to belong to an aristocratic or leisured family. But the Florentine Guilds existed not merely to gain those "rights" for which the crude Britisher clamours with such parrot-like insistency; they secured in their members a certain mental and physical fitness, and, above all, a love of art and learning—matters left severely alone by our worthy bodies in their lust for mere political power. "The Florentines," as Mr. Staley points out, "were essentially

A Nation of Shopkeepers,

but, at the same time, they were a Republic of independent gentlemen." Each party in the State in turn sought to outdo the other in the advancement and adornment of his well-beloved city. The glory of *Firenze la bella* "was the true seal of family distinction." As to culture, "tailors left their benches to attend the Greek lecture; blacksmiths laid aside their hammers for the pen of history; barbers sought the chair of poetry," while "there was no one in Florence who could not read, and even the donkey-boys sang verses out of Dante"! On second thoughts, though, I am rather glad that we are spared, in these ages, that poetic barber. Even one's admiration for culture has limits.

Florentine bankers in conference

From Mr. Edgcumbe Staley's "The Guilds of Florence" (Methuen: 16*s.* net)

* * *

A novel calling for praise of a very distinct kind is **"The Bar Sinister,"** by the Dutch author, Mr. J. Morgan de Groot (Blackwood: 6*s.*). The book, as its title suggests, has a melodramatic plot and sub-plot. It is the story of the blighting of a man's life through an imputation of illegitimacy, falsely made by a rival, to the wealth and status he should rightly have enjoyed. The peculiarities of Dutch law in this and other aspects of matrimony and inheritance, however, give Mr. de Groot an opportunity for a new colouring of the old, old theme of the tarnished heir, and the blighting of his hopes, ambitions, and his love. The villagers of Grasland, in which the story is laid, are new and amusing types, and the sub-plot of the story, in which the blind girl, who has loved the hero without seeing his face, recovers her sight to fall in love with a stranger, the said stranger being, after all, the same man, is very subtle in design. The ingredients of Mr. de Groot's story are uniformly good, and he writes with freshness, and now and again with a sly humour, that strikes me as more British than Dutch.

* * *

Constant readers of this journal require no introduction to Mr. Leonard Merrick, and, therefore, the fact that a book of stories from his pen,

"Whispers About Women,"

is out (Eveleigh Nash: 6*s.*) will suffice to assure them of the need of possessing it. Mr. Merrick has a combination of gifts which make him unique among story writers. He is, of course, a good story-teller—but not only that. He has a delightful and finished style — but, again, not only that. His people are real human, "worldly" people—but more than that. Mr. Merrick has a peculiar quality of his own—he is *par excellence* a practical joker who plays with his reader. He has all the usual gifts, the power to move us to tears, to arouse our sympathy with the conventional types of hero and heroine, and our antipathy to the other sort—he is quite a good melodramatist—only, our sympathies so aroused, he contrives, at the end of many of his stories, to "blow the gaff" on the whole business. By some postscript, or some parenthetical phrase, by some lifting of the curtain, he, with

A Wink at the Reader,

reminds him that this is a very worldly world, populated by very human people, and that the Edwins and the Angelinas (or rather the Pierres and the Pierrettes, for he loves his Paris) have been, all through the story, acting and thinking just as they *would* act and think, though they, and Mr. Merrick, and you, gentle reader, have been joining in the pretence that they have been otherwise. On one point, and that is purely Mr. Merrick's own business, I cannot help thinking that he made an error of detail in not making one volume, under some generic title, of his Parisian stories. His Pitou and his Tricotrin, and his Mons. Pomponnet, and the rest of his delicious Latin Quarter types, deserve to be given to the world in uniform shape, and, in the present volume, it seems a pity that these stories should be mere units, wedged in between other stories, which, however excellent, are less distinctive in characterisation and atmosphere.

Mr. Leonard Merrick

The popular short story writer, who has just issued "Whispers About Women" (Eveleigh Nash: 6*s.*)

* * *

Never does one realise so clearly that there is a dividing line between

Journalism and Literature

as when the avowedly journalistic work of the avowed journalist is given in book form. The late Mr. L. F. Austin's volume, *Points of View* (The Bodley Head: 6*s.*), edited and selected by Mr. Clarence Rook, offers an example. To read these essays in the columns of the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Sketch*, or the *Illustrated London News*, was such a joy as would be the company of an agreeable *causeur*, a feast of anecdote and light, genial philosophy—the very stuff that periodical essays should be made of. In book form, however, the defects assert themselves. The writer but rarely struck any deeper note than that to which the news and the gossip of the day attuned him. A fog, a Bank Holiday, a line in a new play, the death of a celebrity, somebody's speech, anybody's book — Mr. Austin generally wrote to what, in Fleet Street parlance, is called a "tag," or a "news-peg."

That "Topical Touch,"

however, which is the salvation of the journalistic essay, is its fatal stigma as literature. The incident which has inspired the writer has passed away, the *raison d'être* of what has been written has gone, and with it the bulk of its interest to the reader. Mr. Austin rarely got out of his journalistic skin. He asserted nothing, declared nothing, left but little philosophy behind him. We know him, thanks to Mr. Clarence Rook's graceful posthumous introduction, as a delightful clubman, a Londoner of the West End, an Irishman, and a worker of industry, and fertility—just such a man whom we delight to possess as a journalist — but whose very excellence in his Fleet Street *métier* is his handicap in the higher spheres. Some, of course, may have triumphed despite that handicap, but, generally, by that quixotic sacrifice of bread and butter which Art invariably exacts from the smallest of her minions.

* * *

"The Pageant of London"

(Methuen: 2 vols, 15*s.* net), by Mr. Richard Davey, condenses, in a light and readable form, a great deal of curious information concerning places of historical interest in the Metropolis which are little known to the average reader or visitor. The history of London, from the times of the Romans and Saxons, is carefully dealt with, and there are throughout many amusing glimpses of the manners and customs of Londoners in bygone times. At the end of each chapter will be found a bibliography, and, in addition, there is a list of the principal remains and relics of old London, illustrative of each period. The forty charming coloured illustrations contained in the two volumes are from drawings by Mr. John Fulleylove, R.I.

* * *

Another River Book

The subject of Mr. Mortimer Menpes's new colour-book (published by Messrs. A. and C. Black) is *The Thames*, by whose banks he resides for half the year, and the river finds in him a true interpreter. In this book he pictures it in its varying aspects from Oxford to London Bridge. His pictures of young girls resting in punts with graceful swans gliding by, cows knee-deep in marshy pools, overgrown backwaters, and cottages bowered in roses, carry one's memory back to some of the sunniest moments of life. The text of the book is by G. E. Mitton.

VIVIAN CARTER.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Open Championship

It is with feelings of intense relief that I sit down to write my notes on the Championship of 1906. The three days during which it has been played have been days of hard and unceasing work. When 183 players enter for the event, the task, already difficult in past years, of watching and getting an idea of the play of the likeliest men becomes an almost superhuman one. I held the opinion last year that some change would have to be made in the conditions governing both Championships, and that opinion has become conviction this year. It is impossible for a club to deal with such "bloated armaments" of golfers as now enter for both events. It is not fair either to the good players, or to the club officials, to ask them to contend with these hordes of aspiring golfers, some of whom have about as much chance of winning as a ten handicap man. Personally, as my readers know, I have strongly advocated bringing both Championships into line by starting them with a qualifying scoring competition and finishing them up with a tournament between the thirty-two leading men.

Mr. James Braid

An Impression of the great Scottish golfer, by Oscar Larum

This Year's Play

Turning to the consideration of the play shown us this year, in my notes on the great foursome match between Braid and Herd, and Taylor and Vardon, I said that Braid was undoubtedly the best of the four players at the moment. This superiority the great Scottish player has amply demonstrated during the last few weeks, both at the Braids and at Muirfield. I watched as much of his play as I could during the three days of the Championship, and each round found him playing better and better. His 77 of the first day was due to one of the few bad mistakes that he made in all his four rounds, the twelfth hole costing him seven strokes, a hole which, in his remaining rounds, he took in five, three, and four. But, as I saw last year at St. Andrews, when he twice got into the railway during his last round, nothing ruffles Braid's admirable equanimity, and incidents which would completely upset the balance of most players, seem to be taken by him in a calm and philosophical spirit, and appear to hearten him up for renewed endeavour.

A Matter of Temperament

As regards the four leading players this year the question of the ultimate champion became purely one of temperament. So long as Braid preserves this wonderful mental equilibrium under severely trying conditions, as well as his perfect command of every shot in the game, I do not see how he is to be defeated in a prolonged test of golf. His figures speak for themselves, 77, 76, 74, 73, and show a progressive improvement, which is truly astonishing, while, at the same time, demonstrating the steady brilliance (if such an expression may be allowed) of his form. His worst round was only four strokes above his best, and his two last rounds of the last day, aggregating 147, must be fairly high up in the records of final rounds returned by any player on the last day of a Championship. To produce a 73, when he knew that he must do a 76 to win, shows the admirable stuff of which James Braid is made. I gladly embrace this opportunity of congratulating him on his magnificent performance. His success was most popular, for his superb play, his modest demeanour, and the sterling qualities of his character, have endeared him to all golfers who have the pleasure of knowing him. Taylor has my utmost sympathy in his failure to secure the prize which, at one moment, seemed within his grasp. I would not for worlds have missed the magnificent duel between him and Mr. Graham on the last day. It was nip and tuck all the way, and it is my belief that Braid, apart from his play, owes his Championship this year, in a great measure, to Mr. Graham.

Taylor's Play

Had Taylor been playing with some other player not playing the magnificent game Mr. Graham showed us, almost without exception in both rounds on the final day, and not so near him in

position, he would, probably, have felt more comfortable. But Mr. Graham never allowed him a breather during the whole of the afternoon round, and kept poor Taylor on the utmost stretch, till the strain became so great that a break occurred at the fourteenth hole, which was disastrous. Taylor's recovery from bad shots at the seventeenth and eighteenth holes was miraculous, his superb second from the rough at the last hole enabling him to finish with a three. Had he won the Championship, as still seemed possible at the moment, that shot of his would have gone into the history of the game to join company with Mr. Ball's famous stroke in his match at Hoylake with Mr. Mure Fergusson. His recovery on the second day, after a poor start, was another indication of his marvellous powers. When I met him at the eighth hole of that round he was in a desperately bad humour with himself, and when I saw him find the bunker off the tee at the next hole, I decided not to follow him further, as I dislike intensely watching a great player when everything is going wrong with him. Suddenly, a good putt at the tenth set him going, and he ultimately came home in the remarkable score of 31, which might easily have been 29. His last round, as I say, ruined his chances, for no man may really hope to win a Championship nowadays one of whose scores exceeds the seventies.

The Great Triumvirate

Still, both he and Harry Vardon showed that they still hold undisputed sway with Braid as the great Triumvirate, and it will take some years yet to shake their position. Harry Vardon might well have won this year if he had not lost all confidence in his short putts, his disastrous start on the first day being entirely due to this cause. One of these fine days he will find a ball or club which will restore the old confidence, and then the Vardon of old days will make his triumphant reappearance. Confidence in putting is all that he lacks at present, for the rest of his game is just as perfect as it ever was.

The Rest of the Players

Mr. Graham deserves a special word of congratulation, for his performance this year is one of the most admirable ever achieved by an amateur. His figures were good enough to win in most years, while to head the field with a record score of 71 on the first day, a score only equalled by one player, Walter Toogood, throughout the competition, is a great feather in the cap of the Hoylake player. From Mr. Maxwell at Muirfield we expect great things, an expectation which he worthily fulfilled. He is on his home course, and knows every turn and twist of it, and every condition of wind. Of the two performances, Mr. Graham's, while intrinsically better, is all the better in this, that Muirfield is a comparatively strange course to him. Let us hope that the example set by Mr. Graham and Mr. Maxwell will inspire the amateurs. The recovery of these two from their failure at Hoylake was truly remarkable. Mr. Graham, in particular, on the last day, drove in his finest form, and made Taylor—no mean hitter—play the odd on most occasions after the tee shot; while Mr. Maxwell, in his first round, played the game of his life, and seemed likely, at one moment, to set up a new and miraculous record for the course.

The Open Golf Championship at Muirfield: Mr. J. Graham, Jun., who broke the record for the links, driving from the Eighth Tee

"Bystander Abroad" Competition (Fourth Series)

We are receiving by every mail photographs of "Bystander" readers in out-of-the-way parts of the world for publication in our "Bystander Abroad" Competition. For the benefit of Foreign and Colonial readers who wish to compete, we again give the conditions for entering for the Competition. All that is needed is that on the back of each photograph should be stated the sender's name and address, full particulars as to where the photograph was taken, and any other matter of interest concerning it. A prize of **10s. 6d.** *is given for every photograph published. They should be enclosed in an envelope marked "Bystander Abroad," and addressed to "The Art Editor,"* THE BYSTANDER, *Tallis Street, London, E.C.*

"The Bystander" in Tourraine

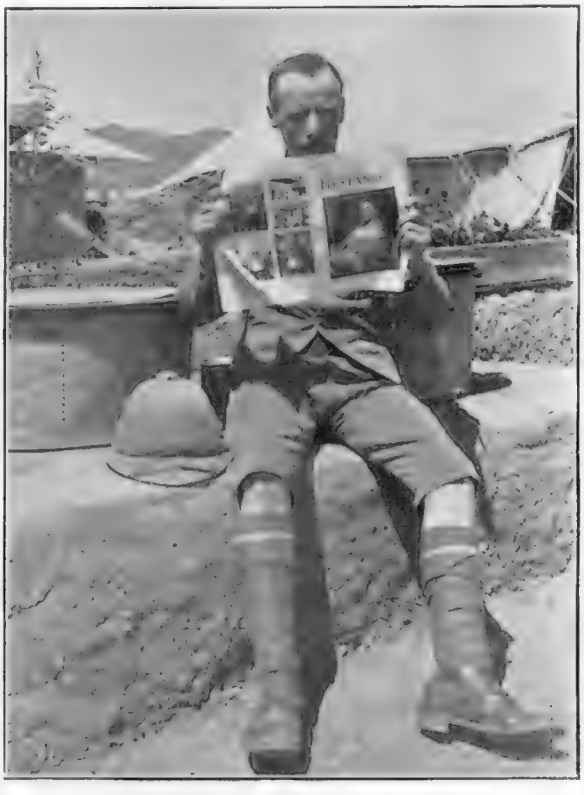
This photograph is sent by Viscountess Dunluce, Walney Old Vicarage, Barrow-in-Furness. THE BYSTANDER is being read by three peasants of Arzay le Rideau

"The Bystander" in the Wild West

Apropos of this picture, Mr. W. H. Morphett, Calgary P.O., Canada, says: "This photograph was taken five miles out of Calgary. It shows a 'cow-puncher' just after he had got his mail *and* THE BYSTANDER. Notice the leather trousers, or 'chaps' as they are called out here"

"The Bystander" in Perak

Mr. S. Ramplen Jones, Gopeng, Perak, Federated Malay States, says: "THE BYSTANDER is studiously read in Perak. From left to right, the persons standing behind me are: My Chinese 'boy,' my Malay orderly, and my Tamil (South Indian) cook, who, if they cannot read the paper, can at least enjoy the pictures"



"The Bystander" in the Aden Hinterland

Sergeant R. O. Wilton, Dthala, Aden Hinterland, Arabia, writes: "The photo was taken inside the Compound of the British Field Hospital at Dthala, which is ninety-seven miles from Aden. We have been putting the very high hills in the neighbourhood in a state of defence"

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

Henley Prospects

This year's Henley bids fair to be one of the best meetings ever held. There are again enough entries from other countries to give the racing the International character which is so eagerly looked for nowadays in sport, and the 'Varsity element is also unusually strong. Oxford is represented by Magdalen, Christchurch, Pembroke, and Trinity, and Cambridge by Third Trinity and Trinity Hall; and, in the circumstances, the possible absence of a Leander crew from the Grand will not be so noticeable as it would have been in leaner years. The Sport Nautique de Gaud, who were beaten in the final of the Grand Challenge by Leander last year, are again competing, and our old friends and enemies, the Argonaut R.C. of Toronto, are sending a crew which is said to possess any amount of pace. They and the Belgians between them should be able to make matters extremely warm for the pick of the English crews. Thames and London, of the metropolitan clubs, are going for the Grand Challenge, and Vesta and Twickenham for the Thames Cup. Leander will have a strong four on for the Stewards' Cup in A. K. Graham, F. S. Kelly, R. B. Etherington-Smith, and Guy Nickalls, while London, though they have no four for the Stewards, will go for the Wyfolds, and D. C. R. Stuart and A. A. Stuart will row under London's colours for the Goblets, as will also D. C. R. Stuart, W. H. Darrell, and A. H. Cloutte for the Diamonds. The entry for this latter event is quite a big one, and includes, besides those already named, St. George Ashe (Thames); Harrison Bourke, of Launceston, Tasmania; R. W. Adam, of Melbourne, Australia; Miltiades Manno, of Buda-Pesth; W. B. West, of the West Philadelphia Club, U.S.A.; and G. de la Plane, of the Société de la Basse Seine, Paris. Bourke and Adam have been training in England for some time past, and skull in a somewhat similar style, doing most of the work with their arms. West comes from America with a great reputation, but his racing shell (a phenomenally light one) which he brought with him was damaged on the journey, and this accident prevented his doing much for the first few days after his arrival last week. The Third Trinity Stewards' four (consisting of the four Blues,

Photo *Baker and Muggeridge*

The Canadian Eight at practice at Henley

Passing the Leander Club House on their second outing at Henley

G. D. Cochrane, B. C. Johnstone, and the two Powells) has already caught the eye of the waterside pundits as a very taking crew, and the Stuarts and Johnstone and Powell are both likely winners of the Goblets.

Lawn Tennis at Leicester

A more distinguished gathering of lawn-tennis players than that which assembled at Leicester last week has probably never been seen at a provincial three-day meeting, for among the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hillyard and other residents in the neighbourhood which made up "the Thorpe Satchville party"—as it has now come to be termed—were Miss Sutton, the Dohertys, Wilding, Gore, Miss Pinckney, Miss Morton, and Miss Eastlake Smith, to mention only a few; also F. L. Riseley and Kreigh Collins. The two last-named played together in the Doubles, and made a very good pair, running up to the Dohertys in the final, and beating *en route* Hillyard and Cazalet and Eaves and Ball-Greene. In the course of the three days' play there were so many fine matches that it is impossible to deal with more than a few of them; but by general consent the Double, in which Wilding and Gore (a new and most successful combination) nearly overcame the Dohertys, produced some of the finest tennis that has been seen anywhere for years. Gore and Wilding, after winning the first set, obtained a 4—2 lead in the second and were twice within an ace of victory, but the brothers, by a marvellous exhibition of steadiness, just managed to escape defeat, and eventually pulled off one of the tightest matches they have ever played. Riseley *v.* Gore and Riseley *v.* Wilding—in which the former reversed the Surbiton result—were also very fine matches indeed, and Ball-Greene, by beating Hillyard, and winning the first set from Riseley, showed that he is still the Ball-Greene of old in every respect, except stamina. Against Hillyard he just managed to stay the course, but against Riseley he was done at the end of the first set.

Riseley's Victory

By beating him in the final, Riseley won the Championship of Europe Cup, which was this time allotted to Leicester, having hitherto always been played for at one of the Continental meetings. Miss Sutton, as was expected, won the Ladies' Singles (Miss Douglass was, unfortunately, an absentee), but Miss Lowther and Miss Pinckney both made her go; in each case, she had to struggle her hardest for the second set after winning the first easily. She begins with such astonishing vigour that one can hardly wonder if she fails to keep it up for more than about a set and a half. Moreover, it takes an opponent some time to get used to that terrific forehand drive of hers. But when things begin to get a bit tight, she shows wonderful pluck. In the case of the Mixed Doubles, her expected victory with "H. L." did not come off, and their defeat by Wilding and Miss W. Longhurst was *the* surprise of the meeting. Wilding played quite as well as Doherty, and it was one of those occasions on which Miss Longhurst's passing drives attained, as they sometimes do, absolute perfection. With so much exciting tennis going on, the supply of umpires (except in the big matches) was of a more than ordinarily limited nature, and Miss Lilian Harding—a prominent member of the Leicester L.T.C.—thoroughly deserved the Mass racket presented by The Bystander as an umpire's prize.

Lawn Tennis Tournament at Leicester: Some of the players

Front Row (*left to right*): A. W. Gore, Miss May Sutton, Mrs. Hillyard, Miss Morton, Miss Pinckney, Miss Kentish

At Back (*right to left*): Mr. R. J. Crawford, Mrs. Crawford, H. L. Doherty, Mr. Davys, Mr. Hillyard, W. V. Eaves, O. Pease, Mr. Ball-Greene, Mr. Wilding, and R. F. Doherty

The Tournament, being a sort of test for the Championship, now in progress, caused much interest, Miss Sutton being an especial attraction

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FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

I do not know whether anyone wishes to hear, but I am hopelessly determined to talk about Southbourne-on-Sea. Perhaps a well-balanced, cautious mind would refrain from ventilating the whereabouts of a spot at present disregarded by the popular vote. To the chosen people, it would be anathema. No parade, no band. A pier? Yes, but such a pier! Myself, I could have worshipped it for saving the situation by tumbling down as quickly as it was put up. That pier, methinks, had more sentiment for its birthplace than the councillors who built it. You can count the houses that let rooms on the fingers of two hands, and the shops on one.

You will ask, "Where, then, is the attraction of Southbourne?" Well, primarily, there is sea, as blue as Reckitts' Blue, which is eventually reached by a descent from high cliffs, by steps, or, if you are weary of existence and desire a better world, a headlong descent serves. Finally, there is the Gordon Hotel, where you can lie abed and see nothing but sea, a hostelry where they talk of the second floor as though that were a sky-scraper. There are only two floors, by the way, which doubtless accounts for the point of view—things are so relative—and to make up there is a deep verandah.

Having said so much—to business! It is most highly important that the news of the annual summer sale at

Messrs. John Barker's, Kensington,

be quickly proclaimed. The catalogue, an exhaustively illustrated booklet, is already out, and any reader of this paper will, on application, receive one by return of post. The commencing date was the 25th inst., and the sale will continue daily for one month, with red-letter remnant days on July 10, 17, 24, and 31. Apart from the catalogue, certain information has been granted, which enables me personally to vouch for some very exceptional bargains here. In useful knockabout skirts now, perfection for holiday wear, there is an unprecedented choice, the prices ranging from 10*s.* 9*d.* in linen, and 14*s.* 9*d.* in serge and alpaca. A large surplus stock of tweed skirts, in a variety of styles, will be cleared, irrespective of original cost, at 12*s.* 9*d.*

A double cape of muslin lace

Drawn by K. Pleydel Young

Surely, a couple of these *jupes*, and a relay of blouses, would practically fulfil the day needs of the average holiday-maker, and one has merely to run the eye casually down the two prices, the original and the reductions, affixed to the blouses, to realise the amazing generosity of the offers in that department. There are filmy white embroidered cambric shirts for 3*s.* 11*d.*, smart cream tucked delaines at 5*s.* 6*d.*, *crêpe-de-chine* slips, the yokes a mass of lace and embroidery, only 12*s.* 9*d.*, while 29*s.* 6*d* appears the standard price of extravagant all-lace confections, lined through with chiffon.

Lingerie and household linens are ever a big speciality with John Barker, long experience in the placing of big orders affording the firm special facilities, a similar procedure accounting for the bargains in piece silk and materials. At either of these latter counters, the far-seeing woman, with a clear line of campaign, can pick up valuable lengths at simply incredible prices. A consignment, replete with temptations, comprises French silks, gauzes, and voiles, single and double width, reduced from 3*s.* 11*d.*

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

Motoring Coats

COATS AS ILLUSTRATION in Blanket Cloth, thoroughly tailored	£2 5 0
Same in Covert Coating	£2 7 6
HOLLAND COATS, same length	12/6 to 18 6
LINEN AND CRASH COATS	from 18/6
CREAM SERGE COATS, 56 in. long ...	,, 28 6
LEATHER COATS	,, 126 -
Varieties of TWEED COATS for Motoring...	,, 42/-

No. 300.

DRILL COATS, FUR-LINED COATS, AND MACKINTOSH COATS FOR MOTORING, HOODS, CAPES, &c.

Tottenham House, LONDON.

MONTSERRAT

The Summer Drink Problem is solved by—

"Montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice.

With the temperature at 80 in the shade "drink little but drink right." ¶ The little you drink should be "MONTSERRAT." It has a cooling, refreshing, and invigorating effect, and as a beverage in excessively hot weather is highly recommended by medical men. This is because "Montserrat" is pure Lime Juice, made from the fruit of cultivated limes. It is one of Mother Nature's beverages, and can be had plain, or sweetened, in form of Lime Juice Cordial.

"Montserrat" is sold by all chemists, grocers, etc.

HOLIDAY FASHIONS.

Illustrated Catalogue of Holiday Fashions Post Free.

DEBENHAM and FREEBODY have made a special study of dainty and inexpensive Garments suitable for Holiday Wear.

COATS AND SKIRTS

(as Sketch)

Tailor-made in best quality Cloth, daintily trimmed with Russian Braid and Embroidery. The Coat lined with Silk.

In Black, Navy and Pastel Cloth .. 94/6
In Black, Cream and Navy Serge .. 89/6
In Black, Ivory and Coloured Alpaca 89/6
In White and Black Striped Summer Tweeds 89/6

SENT ON APPROVAL.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

Wigmore Street, London, W.

STYLISH UPHOLSTERY.

A reproduction of a fine Sheraton Bergere, formerly in our possession. Upholstered in best manner, with velvet cushions,

£5 5 0

GILL & REIGATE,

The Largest Stock of Genuine Antiques in London,

73 to 85, OXFORD STREET, LONDON W.

to 1*s.* 11½*d.* per yard, while the sale price of an immensely rich quality *crêpe de chine*, black or ivory, 44 inches wide, is only 4*s.* 3*d.* Checked taffeta chiffon, in a delicious run of colourings, is also 1*s.* 11½*d.* the yard, a very reliable taffeta *glacé* for petticoats and linings having fallen to 1*s.* 6½*d.*

A mousseline river frock

This elegant triple skirt of ivory mousseline is enhanced by delicate *chêne* ribbon insertion, laid beneath the transparency, and is worn with a short coatee of the same, mounted over shell-pink silk, the collar and revers of fine guipure lace outlined by a *plissé* frill of mousseline. The hat is a shady flop of *plissé* lawn and lace, with embroidered crown, and crowds of soft pink satin ribbon loops beneath the brim at the back

Modes for Henley

The possibilities of a Henley frock are great. One can do so much with so little. Or to put my meaning in more lucid language, a cheap little cotton frock, tastefully fashioned and well worn, supported by clever individual detail of picturesque hat, parasol, and punt cushions, not unfrequently attracts more admiring glances and general approval than does a costume upon which a large sum of money has been lavished.

Remarking the trend of things, I have the greatest faith myself in the successful issue of the hair-line check, either in black or dark colour on a cream ground. For those who do their Henley in boats, the hard little frock is infinitely preferable to an easily crushed muslin, and these hair-line checks are equally happy, whether masquerading as coat and skirt costumes or as a dress, with tucked *jupe* and simple cross-over corsage, lightened by a *Broderie Anglaise* vest.

Given propitious weather, the white hand-embroidered linen will prevail to a pronounced extent, to which the happiest complement will be found in the lingerie hat, the brim lined delicately coloured chiffon, to cast a becoming reflection over the face. There is every promise, moreover, of fashionable approval being accorded plain linen gowns of pronounced colouring, such as rose, flame red, Japanese blue, or *pistache* green, while there are several extremely uncommon shades of grey and cinnamon brown. The fancy for these creations is to keep the skirts plain, save for tucks of deep crossway folds, while on the upper there is disposed some daring touch of *galon* or hand-embroidery, for the most part in Eastern colourings. With these go the coarse straw *chapeau au naturel*, wreathed with field flowers.

HAMPTONS

Hamptons' New Catalogue C 500 illustrates many typical examples of

Drawing Room Furniture

in every style now in vogue, selected from the extensive stock on view at Pall Mall East.

Hamptons' No. C 1601

Queen Anne Cabinet, in Italian Walnut.
2 feet 10 inches wide,

£9 18s. 6d.

Hamptons pay carriage to any railway station in the United Kingdom and to any address within a radius of 30 miles from Charing Cross they deliver all goods free in their Motor Box Vans.

Pall Mall East, Trafalgar Sq., London, S.W.

"Benger's Food feeds us both."

Both mother and child benefit by taking Benger's Food.

Although it is primarily a nutritive food for the use of those suffering from digestive debility, or during severe illness, convalescence, or the weakness of advancing age, a course of Benger's Food is of the greatest advantage to those enjoying the best of health.

Benger's Food assists nature.

When prepared it forms a dainty and delicious cream, highly nutritive and entirely free from rough and indigestible particles. Infants thrive on it and delicate and aged persons enjoy it.

BENGER'S Food.

Sold in tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

JOHN BARKER & Co., LTD.

Summer Sale of Surplus Stock

Now Proceeding.

HIGH-CLASS GOODS AT PRICES MUCH REDUCED
In upwards of 70 different departments.

Charming Hand-made Guipure and Valenciennes

LACE SLIPS

Suitable for Evening Wear and Theatre.

The examples illustrated represent two of many New and Exclusive Designs in Lace Slips at

SALE PRICE
29/6 each.

FREE CARRIAGE on direct orders for these slips to any part of the United Kingdom.

"EDITH."—Charming White or Paris Colour Guipure Lace Slip, with Hand-made Yoke of Lace, hairpin work, and Silk Strappings embroidered Black French Knots, deep shaped Cuff to correspond with Yoke, lined throughout white chiffon. Sale Price **29s. 6d.**

"EDNA."—Elegant Net Slip, in Paris colour Lace, trimmed with Lace Medallions, new elbow sleeves with tight Cuff. Sale Price **29s. 6d.**

JOHN BARKER & Co., Ltd., Kensington, W.

House Filter H Price 30/- Complete.

AVOID THE DANGER OF DRINKING IMPURE WATER WHICH CAUSES TYPHOID FEVER AND OTHER WATER-BORNE DISEASE.

THE

"BERKEFELD" FILTER

(PATENT)

can be fitted to your House Service pipe, and will ensure a constant supply of perfectly pure water.

Dr. Andrew Wilson says: "No House, Office, School, or Hospital should be without one of these efficient 'Berkefeld' Filters."

Write for particulars to

THE BERKEFELD FILTER Co., Ltd.,
121, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

Automobile Topics.

Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Expensive Education

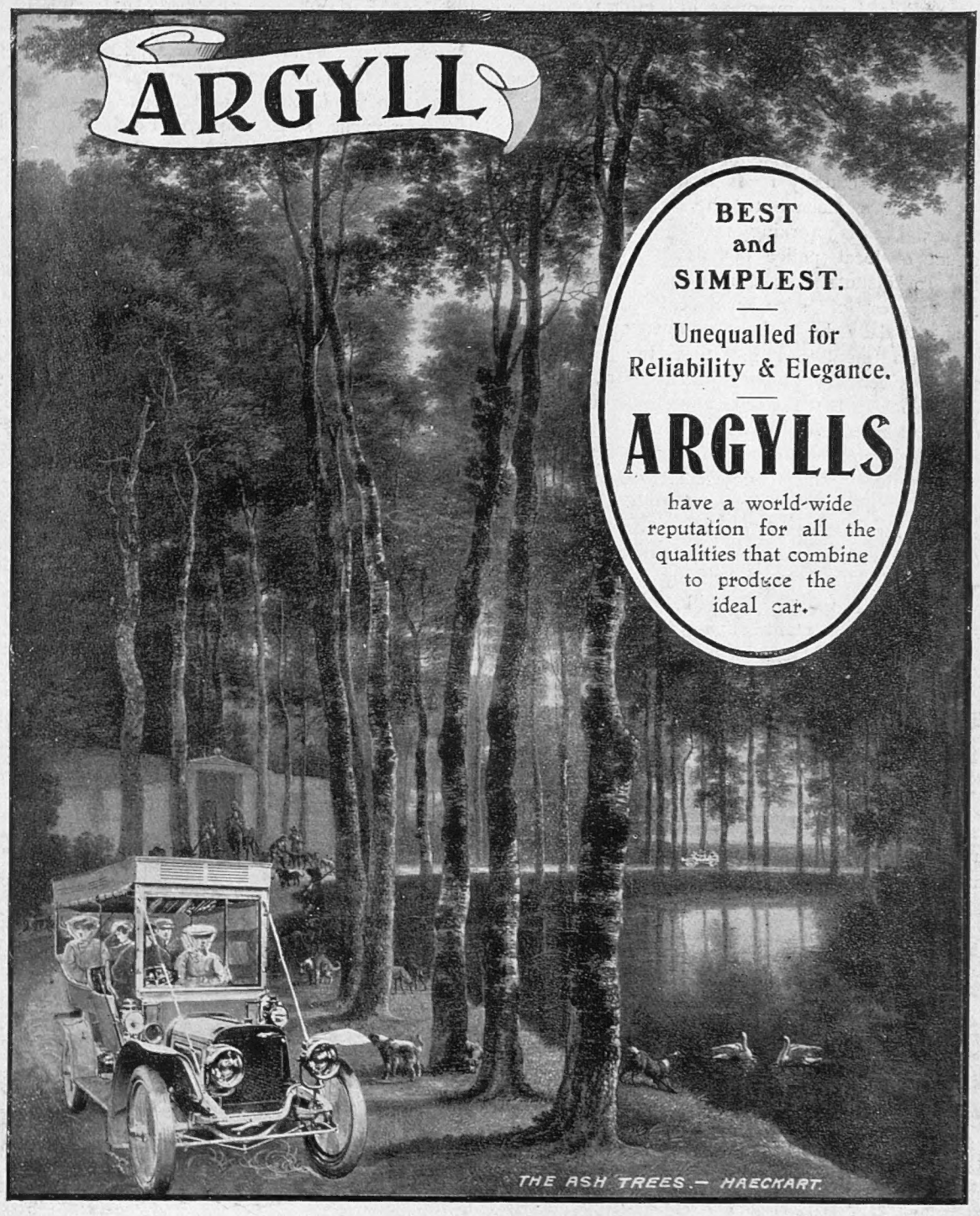
Now that the three great motor reliability trials—the Herkomer, the Scottish, and the Irish—have taken their places in the history of automobilism, two questions of some importance present themselves: (1) What are the net results? and (2) Do the ends justify the means? Looking at the matter broadly, and quite apart from all such minor considerations as the respective merits of competing vehicles, demonstrated at such enormous expenditure of energy and money, one may say that the chief gain to the automobile movement lies in the education of the general public. Contests of the very trying nature of those just concluded do more to stamp the merits of the modern motor as a reliable, comfortable, and safe means of transit on the public mind than all the International racing events ever held. Of course, we all know that each individual unit in the sum of achievement enters these competitions with a view to personal profit or pleasure, but the value of the object-lesson taught to the world at large is not a whit diminished thereby; and, in answering our second question in the affirmative, we may take it as a most satisfactory sign of the rapid and robust growth of automobilism that the industry is to-day able to bear with equanimity the strain of these ordeals. Extreme pressure of space prevents a detailed enumeration of the most meritorious performances in the three great reliability runs. It may be mentioned, however, that Dr. Rudolf Stöss won the Herkomer Trophy on his 18-20 h.-p. Horch, that twenty-four cars achieved non-stop runs on each of the four days of the Scottish Trial, and that Mr. Harvey Du Cross, Jun., worthily upheld British prestige by running his new 25 h.-p. Austin through the Irish trial without the slightest mishap.

This warning sign

Has been erected on private grounds because the local council refused to allow it to be placed on the roadside

The Herkomer Trophy Touring Trial

Prince Henry of Prussia, who drove his Benz car throughout the trial, is here seen speaking to Mrs. Manvillle, the only lady competitor, who, on her Daimler car, accomplished the best performance of the British team



ARGYLL MOTORS, Ltd., Alexandria & Bridgeton, Glasgow

PRINCIPAL AGENTS:

LONDON - Argylls London, Ltd., 17, Newman Street, W.
GLASGOW - Western Motor Co., 70, Buchanan Street.
LIVERPOOL - Road Carrying Co., Ltd., 27, Leece Street.
MANCHESTER Newton, Bennett & Carlisle, Ltd., 35, King Street West.
LEEDS - - George & Jobling, Trinity Street, Boar Lane.
BIRMINGHAM Birmingham Motor Car Co. 208, Corporation Street.
EDINBURGH Rossleigh Motor Co., Ltd., 32, Shandwick Place.
NEWCASTLE - George & Jobling, South Street
CARDIFF - South Wales Motor Co., 94, St. Mary Street.
DUBLIN - - Argylls Ireland, Ltd., 102, Grafton Street
NOTTINGHAM R. Cripps & Co., Ltd., 265, Arkwright Street.
BRISTOL - Bristol Motor Co., Ltd., 4, Redcross Street.

Highwaymen and Hooligans

Several unusually glaring cases of excessive extortion levied upon motorists, in the form of fines for breaches of the law, have rendered it more than ever necessary to utter renewed and most emphatic protests against the scandal of such travesties of justice. The practice of filching considerable sums of money from motorists who are alleged to have exceeded the speed-limit of twenty miles an hour on open country roads is becoming daily not only a serious menace to the whole automobile industry, but is working much mischief in the conduct of local police organisations. I am not going to dispute for a moment the fact that many scores of such technical offences are committed daily by a large number of motorists, but I do stoutly affirm that the knowledge that his evidence will be, for the most part, accepted in preference to that of men infinitely his superior in social and intellectual advantages tends to subvert the average police-officer from that strict exercise of veracity that we have been accustomed to associate with the sacredness of the oath of truth. Further, it stands to reason that when a man knows that promotion and the obtaining of a reputation for zealous discharge of duty follow inevitably in the train of successful prosecutions, he will endeavour to be concerned in as many such cases as he can, to the neglect of functions which are at least as essential to the well-being of his employers, the community.

Certain counties—Surrey, Sussex, Huntington, and others—have become notorious for magisterial oppression of automobilists, and, by way of public protest against these unjust judges, THE BYSTANDER has arranged a form of pillory which it is hoped may have some deterrent effect. Particulars will be duly announced, but, meantime, the claims to support possessed by the Automobile Association may once again be urged. The warning board at Buckden, illustrated this week, has been fixed by the Automobile Association on private ground, rented for the purpose, because the Hunts County Council refused permission for its erection by the roadside. Another instance of motorphobia occurred at Beaconsfield, where a cyclist scout employed by the Automobile Association was summoned for not giving warning of his approach by ringing his bell. It transpired that the scout had been noticed to give information to passing motorists of a police-trap in the vicinity, and was warned by two constables to desist from so doing on pain of a summons for obstruction. This was not issued; but when the scout repassed at four miles an hour, on a road twenty-one feet wide, the only person thereon being the policeman, he was duly proceeded against as intimated. The magistrates expressed their opinion of the merits of the case by dismissing it with costs against the police. A sensible decision only too rare where police and automobilists are at variance.

* * *

Miscellanea

Mr. Rees Jeffreys, of the Motor Union, recently obtained at Bromley the conviction of the driver of a coach who struck with his whip at a passing motor-car, in which Lord Royston was travelling. The defendant was fined £2 and special costs.—During the coming shooting season, the Automobile Association purposes to patrol the Great North Road leading to Scotland.—Continental tyres were fitted to the winning car in the Herkomer Trophy, which came through without any mishap.—Lord Montagu of Beaulieu yesterday opened the newly erected works' extension of the Argyll Motor Company at Alexandria, near Glasgow.

Photo *Argent Archer*

Mr. Claud Johnson in his six-cylinder 30 h.-p. Rolls-Royce car

This car, matched against a four-cylinder car in the Scottish Trials, obtained advantage on speed, silence, fuel economy, and hill-climbing